

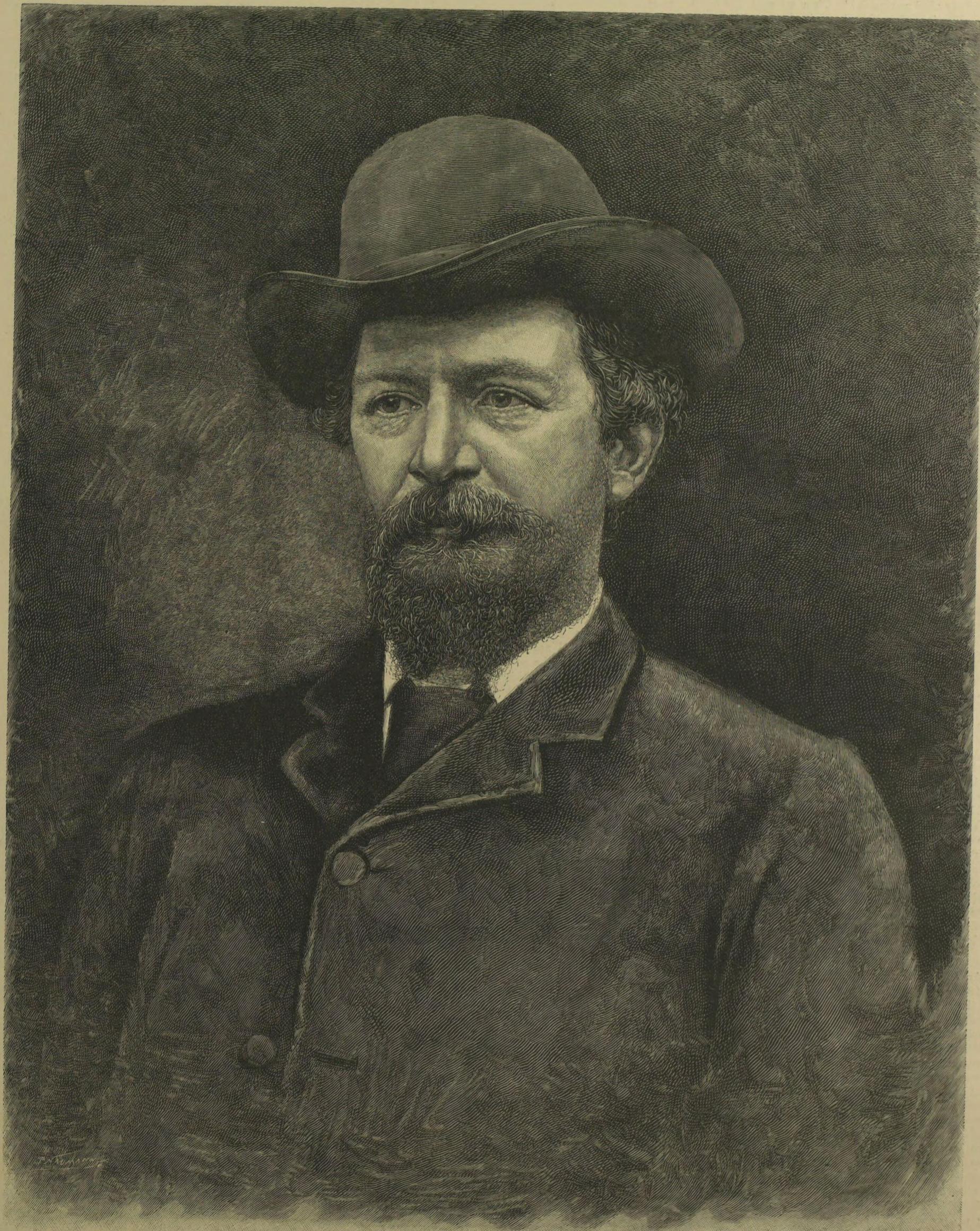
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6*d*.



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

*From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In a recent divorce case the petitioner (among other little matters) complained that her husband was "in the habit of reading in bed and snoring." The Court (presumably not married) seems to have taken no notice of these allegations. Of course, a man may do worse, from a matrimonial point of view, than snore, but it is a dreadful business. A sharp little boy who slept in the same room with an uncle who snored once described to me his miseries. "If nunky goes to sleep first," he said, "I'm done for. The noise he makes would wake the Seven Sleepers. Of course I wake him, though he doesn't know it. What is it?" he says. Then I pretend that it is *he* who has waked me, and say 'Did you speak?' Then we start fair as to who shall get to sleep first." It is a most unfortunate habit for churchgoers. Dr. Smith, when preaching before Charles II., perceived that the King and all his courtiers were in the Land of Nod, on which he broke off in his sermon, and addressed one of them: "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty." Dr. Buchsel had for one of his congregation a rustic, who, in the most open way in the world, settled himself to sleep at once, and snored so loud that it interrupted even the singing. The Doctor hired a boy for a groschen to sit close to this fellow and awaken him from time to time; but the man gave the boy two groschen not to be disturbed. At last the minister spoke to the offender, and asked him what motive he could have for his conduct. "Well, Sir," he said, "there are too many flies in the house for a man to get his rest, but in the church it's fine and cool. In the winter there is never any need why I should come." As to reading in bed, the fire insurance companies ought to get it made a penal offence. It is a habit that grows upon people, like drinking; at last, however tired they are, they cannot get to sleep without reading—a thing which ought to be punished in itself as an insult to literature. Lord Alvanley was so well known a slave to the habit that a servant was always placed at his bed-room door with orders not to leave till his light was out. He himself had two methods of extinguishing it. He threw things at the candle as it stood on the floor, or simply put it under his bolster.

It is, of course, the reading in bed at night that is so dangerous, though in these times it is possible to do so in perfect safety, thanks to the electric light; but even in the daytime it is an inconvenient proceeding. Unless the window is behind one, which is seldom the case, the book in bed is trying to the eyes, and always troublesome to the hand that supports it. Indeed a great book is never so great an evil as when it is one's bedfellow. The *édition de luxe*, under such circumstances, is especially a misnomer. And, indeed, except for purposes of ostentation, when is it not? No one but a prize-fighter can hold the thing in his hand, and how few are the prize-fighters who read *éditions de luxe*! Notwithstanding all recommendations to the contrary, the hand is the best place for the book. There is the reading-desk, of course, for the clergyman, but he does not read for his own edification; a desk is for writing, not for reading, and all the ingenious inventions in the way of book-rests have some drawback or another. There are always, for example, the leaves, which seem to be agitated by autumnal breezes, to be made fast, and who is to do it? Pretty singing girls find old gentlemen to turn over *their* leaves for them, but this kind of service is not reciprocal. Even Mr. Casaubon, in "Middlemarch," who made his wife do most things for him in the way of literary assistance, seems to have failed in getting this done: doubtless he thought of it, but felt it would fidget him, as it probably would have done. If the truth were told, one of the reasons which make biography so much less popular than fiction is that it is published in large volumes. If it were to appear in sheets, without a binding, it would have a much better circulation; it would be literally more "in hand," and, moreover, we could lay aside the first two hundred and fifty pages that describe the gentleman's ancestors (including that irrepressible grandmother from whom he inherited his talents), and begin with the man himself.

An American newspaper syndicate, numbering among its four-and-twenty famous journals the *Spokane Review* and the *Portland Oregonian*, has been so good as to ask me to tell them "How to reach a happy old age." This is a compliment in itself, because though it hints that the heyday of youth is over with me (and, indeed, goes on to express the absurd belief that I am sixty years of age), it presumes that I have obtained the rewards of a well-spent life. The syndicate, in addition to my humble contribution, expects to receive similar advice from "the Hon. W. E. Gladstone" and Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China. One cannot but think that in the latter case there may be prescriptions utterly at variance both with those of the late Prime Minister and my own. He may attribute his length of days (one knows what queer reasons are given for this) to his habit of clubbing his hair at the back of his head, of eating bird's-nest soup and puppy-dog pie, or of writing his communications backwards. It would be surely impossible (unless in the extreme far West) for these methods to be pursued by the clients of

the syndicate. However, this is a detail. I am requested to state categorically to what I attribute "my extraordinary health and working powers." As to the latter, I am not grateful for the reminder that I am compelled to work instead of enjoying leisure in old age; and as to the former, it is bad enough to be suffering from quite a collection of painful disorders, without having one's state of health described as "extraordinary," as though one were a leper. Here follow some little inquiries about my personal habits. Do I smoke? Do I drink? Do I sleep, and how long? And have I found marriage conducive to longevity? This last question seems to partake of the nature of a conundrum, but perhaps riddles are a "feature" with the syndicate. Among other little matters, I am asked if I possess a cure for those great evils of the modern brain-worker, "overwork and worry." This offers an immense temptation to recommend somebody's pills, but (not knowing how to set to work to obtain the usual commission in such cases) I resist it. Finally, says the syndicate, "we would ask you to add anything to the above that occurs to you on the subject, and would be pleased to receive a reply as soon as possible."

Full as the inquiries have been, not a word up to this point has been said as to remuneration. Considering the immense usefulness which is expected from one's replies, the extent of one's reputation (not obscurely hinted at), and one's venerable age, the recompense to be looked for from a syndicate composed of no less than four-and-twenty journals should be considerable. It is only mentioned, however, in the last line of the esteemed communication, and here it is: "We will send you a copy of the articles when they are published." Is it possible that the syndicate imagines that I wish to enjoy the novelty of seeing myself in print? The whole application strikes one not only as being the greatest height in the way of impudence that a certain class of journalists has hitherto attained, but to possess a wild—almost weird—humour. The introduction of the *Portland Oregonian* and *Spokane Review* into a quiet life, without one word of warning, makes one feel like Alice in Wonderland between the March Hare and the Hatter.

*De minimis non curat lex*—the law disregards matters unless there is something in them (to make it worth its while)—is a dogma, it seems, that does not hold good in Germany. A case is now being argued at Gera as to the proprietorship of a gentleman's tooth. It had been difficult to draw, and was of such a curious shape that the dentist impounded it as a professional curiosity. His patient has laid claim to it, but he contends that a tooth once extracted is like a book out of copyright. It is a nice, or, at all events, a difficult question. Considering how often people wish to keep these mementoes of their sufferings, the dentist ought to have had the presence of mind attributed to a less famous operator. He was young and inexperienced, and had pulled out a perfectly sound sample of a lady patient's ivories by mistake; then, quick as thought, he cried, "Why, dear me, this one is just as bad!" and extracted the right one. "Heavens!" cried the lady, were there two? Let me have them both to show my husband, or he will never believe it." The dentist gave her one of them, but the other—not a good specimen—he took care to pick out from his own varied selection. The Gera operator was not equal to this, and hence the trouble. It seems curious if, when your face is drawn, it should still remain your own property, that when your tooth is drawn it should not do so. If the dentist had sent it as a present to a scientific friend by post, it might have belonged to no less than four proprietors—the original owner, the dentist, the scientific friend, and (*in transitu*) to the Postmaster-General. The decision may have an important bearing upon the ownership of this class—a very favourite one—of religious relic. A tooth of a saint, unless he took it out himself (probably by tying it to the handle of the door and then slamming it, which was the ancient plan), may never have belonged to him: he had no right to give it away; its proprietorship may have been vested in the operator and his executors. Adoration may, in fact, have been paid, for centuries to stolen goods. If, on the other hand, judgment goes the other way, it is possible that unless we go to the rhinoceros (or whoever it is, for I believe it is not the elephant) for our false teeth, or are content with vegetable ivories, we may be liable at any time to have our claim to them disputed. Somebody may regard our smiling face with quite another expression of countenance, and exclaim: "Those are my property! I can swear to at least half a dozen of them."

There is, it seems, a doubt whether Amy Robsart's ghost haunts the staircase of Cumnor Hall or the pond in the grounds. In the latter case the legend that it does not freeze is not altogether complimentary to her present condition. But the point has become of consequence for a reason independent of personal respect. An imaginative and romantic gentleman has bought the Hall, or what he thought was the Hall, under the impression that she does haunt it, and, finding that she does not do so, complains that his money has been taken under false pretences. The law, of course, does not understand these matters, and treats the whole affair with levity; but the fact is that to possess a house haunted by an historical character gives one a distinct social position. Cumnor Hall, to use a happy phrase of the author of "Alice in Wonderland,"

is, indeed, but "a one-ghost house," but the one it does possess is on quite another spiritual plane from that occupied by the common or garden spook.

It is rare to find a man with the courage of his opinions, but still rarer with the courage of his own heroes of fiction. The author of "A Gentleman of France" has portrayed his cavaliers in many a ticklish situation, but has never yet represented one of them as the solitary author-guest at a publishers' trade dinner. With unparalleled heroism he has reserved this dangerous position for himself. It must have been sad for him to listen to Sir Francis Jeune as he expressed the somewhat faint hope that "high-class fiction had not utterly passed from among us," nor "left behind the oasis, with nothing but desert in front." Sadder still to gather (for all that was said to the contrary) that the historical novel was as extinct as the "Dodo"—and, indeed, *much more so*. Still more shocking must it have been to hear the *Author* described by a publisher as "a comic print," and authors themselves as exhibiting the powers of their imagination in the direction of the profits due to them. There were four hundred booksellers to one historical novelist, greater odds than even Mr. Weyman's heroes have ever been pitted against; but at all events (if one can trust the reports of the trade organs) he has survived the experience; some say he wore chain-armour under his clothes.

How sick and tired and angry one gets at the trumpeting over "cures for obesity"! I say one, but perhaps I ought to write half a one, for I have the misfortune, shared by a good many persons, to be extremely lean. If I were to say "I should like to know how to become any thinner," it would be but sarcasm, and a reflection upon the bounty of nature. I read no less than two columns in a newspaper the other day about the success of a German professor's "method" in reducing Prince Bismarck. "All he asks," he says—though I conclude this does not include his fee—is "that his patients should be patient." This, one would suppose, may be granted. Fat people are patient because they can't be otherwise; the idea of an impatient fat man is ridiculous. He cannot skip about like a parched pea when things go wrong, as we do; he can only use swear-words and perspire. What makes us impatient is that all this trouble should be taken about his complaint and none at all about ours.

The last traveller's tale—which, however, I throw no doubts upon—is from that source of all amazing stories, Africa. In the cannibal regions, it seems, a slave is sold, if there is no demand for the whole of him, by the joint; and such portions of him as are bespoke are marked with a white stone (though scarcely, as in classic times, on account of his great good fortune) with the name of their purchaser. This is exactly what I have seen done in a certain Westmorland village, at the butcher's shop, where the entire carcase was retained—held in trust, on hooks—for the convenience of his various customers. The case of the human commodity is not, we are told, nearly so bad as it would appear to be. Africa is a country of surprises, only too often caused by the slave-hunters, but sometimes by the abolitionists; and in the latter case the slave, of course, is rescued, with no compensation for housekeepers who have paid for him in advance. What he has to hope for is that the market may be flat, or that his own appearance may not prove attractive to the gourmand—a strange example, indeed, of the advantages of a drawback.

It is a pity that those arbiters of fiction who have recently told us what very poor stuff goes to make up a popular novel nowadays should not have mentioned an exception or two, if only with the object of proving the rule. For my part, who endeavour to keep myself abreast (though it is certainly not easy) with the tide of imaginative literature—not, it must be confessed, "too deep for noise or foam"—it seems to me, despite much psychological rubbish, throes of unnecessary scepticism, and doubtful struggles after humour, we have never had so much really good fiction as at the present moment. What should be especially gratifying is that it is mostly the work of comparatively young men—for neither Stevenson nor Doyle nor Kipling, however familiar (and welcome), can be called old literary hands. Moreover, there are still younger ones fast rising into notice. To a veteran story-teller like myself, there is no more agreeable sport than to look on at our literary Derbys and see these bright young fellows all striving for a place. I am much mistaken if the author of "With Edged Tools" will not one day see his number up on the board. It is one of the most interesting novels, from first to last, that I have read for many a day; a most agreeable mixture (and very wholesome) of the social and sensational elements. Sir John Meredith and Lady Cantourne seem to step out of their antique frames and live again for us; while the two young heroes (for, as in "The Black Mousquetaire," "there are two") keep us very much up to date. Two finer specimens of British manhood, in war and love, have rarely been painted, and where they fail (which is a secret I dare not tell, and no one can guess) we would not have had them succeed. The contrast between the courtesy in vogue at the beginning of the century with the smartness that belongs to its conclusion is admirably depicted, nor in the characters described is there one lay figure.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MR. SWINBURNE.

The publication of a new volume of verse by Mr. Swinburne would seem a fitting occasion on which to issue a portrait of the poet. Born of a famous Northumberland family in 1837—the year of the Queen's accession—Mr. Swinburne's life has been passed in pronounced enthusiasm for all the great literary figures of her Majesty's reign. He has eulogised Walter Savage Landor as Master both in prose and verse, and he has expressed himself with a fine frenzy of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Keats. But Shelley is the figure in Georgian literature which has most influenced him. His passionate acclamation of "the lyric lord of England" against all detractors has, perhaps, been the strongest note in his character, apart from his own writings. With those writings it is not easy to deal in a paragraph: Mr. Swinburne has written lyrics which are quite unmatchable, except in the pages of his own favourite poet, with whom also he has the characteristic in common of writing dramas which are less to the public taste. Of his "Poems and Ballads," his "Songs before Sunrise," and some thirty volumes besides, it is too early to speak with certainty. The place of any poet in the literature of his country is not fixed by his own generation. But we may be well assured that a future age will pronounce him to have been, at the death of Tennyson, the one great figure in our poetic literature. Unlike Tennyson and unlike Browning, his gift of prose is only second to his gift of poetry; no other writer of our time has given us such trenchant criticism alike of his contemporaries and of his predecessors; and of the Elizabethan drama in particular he has said quite the wisest and most acceptable words in modern criticism. Mr. Swinburne lives a bachelor life at The Pines, Putney, in company with his friend and brother-poet, Mr. Theodore Watts. We are indebted to Mr. Herbert Railton for the accompanying sketch of their residence.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S "ASTROPHEL."

In his last volume (*Astrophel and other Poems*.—Chatto and Windus), Mr. Swinburne, as usual, places himself as far as possible from the didactic and utilitarian standard of composition. Many writers have won admiration by saying well in verse what they might have said even better in prose. Not so Mr. Swinburne, he is a poet and artist, or he is nothing. This is as it should be; the doubt remains whether he has not gone too far into the other extreme. If so, Nature must bear the blame, for Mr. Swinburne's work exhibits no trace of a false theory. He is not the counterpart of those painters and pictorial critics to whom art is simple decoration, an affair of lines and colours, and who resent the test of thought or emotion as a composer might resent the appraisement of his melodies by the poetical worth of the accompaniment. Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, always endeavours to render his verse the embodiment of some worthy idea. His success is far from uniform, and the explanation of the inequality consists, as it seems to us, in the essentially lyrical character of his genius. Though he is the most consummate metrical artist of our time, the original poetic impulse is with him a matter of pure inspiration. If the wave of feeling is mighty it lifts him high; if weak it lifts him low or leaves him stranded. It has been sufficiently potent to bear him triumphantly through long tragedies; it has also produced much minor lyrical poetry which resembles his favourite marine element in its boomerang music and diamond glitter and heaving majesty of motion, but also in its barrenness. The amount of thought evolved, or substantial product of any kind, we cannot but feel disproportionate to the melody of the verse and the elaborate artifice of the execution, which, being always the same, whatever the theme, tend to generate the impression that Mr. Swinburne deals more in words than things. In fact, however, Mr. Swinburne's mind is not less stored with thought than those of the other distinguished poets of his age, but his metrical effects are so sonorous and his vocabulary so opulent that the meaning which would have seemed fully adequate to a short and soberly expressed poem, such as Matthew Arnold might have written, becomes a mere speck in the impetuous deluge of Mr. Swinburne's brilliant diction.

"Astrophel" is freer from these defects than the bulk of Mr. Swinburne's minor lyrical work. The chief merit of the poem that names the volume consists, indeed, in our opinion, in its exquisite versification. But "A Nympholept," though somewhat obscure, expresses the awed feeling of the nature-worshipper with passionate intensity, and "On the South Coast" is a gem of the rarest beauty. In this noble piece Mr. Swinburne has fairly set himself to grapple with the panorama he would describe; has taken it all in, and given it all back steeped in the characteristic hues of his own mind, and invested with the added beauty of the metrical form he has lovingly and most artistically wrought out for it. The poet's deficiency in concentration renders it most difficult to do him justice by quotation; we must, nevertheless, give a pair of stanzas—

Tower set square to the storms of air and change of season that glooms and glows,  
Wall and roof of it tempest-proof, and equal ever to suns and snows,  
Bright with riches of radiant niches and pillars smooth as a straight stem grows.

Aisle and nave that the whelming wave of time has whelmed not or touched or neared,  
Arch and vault without stain or fault, by hands of craftsmen we know not reared,  
Time beheld them, and time has quelled; and change passed by them as one that feared.

Not less beautiful are the various metrical effects of "Loch Torridon," which concludes with these very striking lines—

The kingdom of westward waters, wherein when we swam we knew  
The waves that we clove were boundless, the wind on our brows that blew  
Had swept no land and no lake, and had warred not on tower or on tree,  
But came to us hard out of heaven and alive with the soul of the sea.

"Alive with the soul of the sea" would be a good description of "An Autumn Vision," "A Swimmer's Dream," and "Grace Darling," poems of a very similar character, instinct with the love of the sea, and where the metre is skilfully varied to represent the varying moods of the fickle element. The fourth section of an "Autumn Vision" is particularly fine. In the patriotic and memorial poems which occupy so large a part of the volume, Mr. Swinburne appears, we think, to less advantage than in his communings with Nature. The former require a stronger infusion of thought, for want of which the sentiment, though unquestionably genuine, appears trite and thin. The latter too frequently offend by exaggeration.

The dedication to William Morris, also, is not more beautiful as poetry than discriminating as eulogium and graceful as compliment; but the acme of Mr. Swinburne's achievement in this department is a marvellously felicitous sentence on Marlowe—

First gave our song a sound that matched our sea.  
On the whole, "Astrophel," though not among Mr.

He



THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Drawn by Herbert Railton.

Swinburne's most memorable volumes, is a gratifying proof that his command of the verbal and metrical resources of our language is as great as of old, and that he is more able than of old to follow the judicious—if only practicable—counsel of Keats, and "load every rift of his subject with ore."

R. GARNETT.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

The directors of the New Gallery have to face a very different problem from that which confronted them, as directors of the Grosvenor Gallery, some twenty years ago. Their object then was to free British art from Academic restraints and traditions, and to place fairly before the many the works of artists who otherwise would have been known and appreciated by the few. It was by the action and influence of the Grosvenor Gallery that Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the school of the Primitives, and, we may add, the Scotch Impressionists, first had the opportunity of challenging public opinion. In the interval, moreover, the art-education of the world has been steadily growing, and work which a quarter of a century ago found ready patrons and sturdy admirers is now passed by with a shrug or a smile. The directors of the New Gallery seem to have recognised this change, and have hoped to satisfy the popular demand by insisting upon technical work of the best available description, with the result that of the two hundred and fifty pictures in the three principal rooms, there is scarcely one of which it can be said that it is wanting in cleverness or merit in execution. More than this it would be difficult to say. Here and there are exceptional works, which bear witness to an effort after imagination or creation, but, as a rule, the artists imitate themselves or one another. A "happy thought" strikes one of them; he produces a picture which attracts notice, and forthwith half-a-dozen others are seen busily embroidering some variation of the popular theme.

A rescue from the sea, a lovers' quarrel, or a Viking's funeral are excellent starting-points for a host of picture-makers, who, when they find their customers shy, complain of bad times and the neglect of art. It is the "lean" art rather than the lean year which causes the dearth of purchasers, for, as the sales at Christie's testify, works of high merit still maintain their price.

Such being the conditions of contemporary art, we cannot but think that the directors of the New Gallery would have been wise in their generation had they let it be known that they were still "progressives," and that the end they had in view when starting the Grosvenor would be persisted in at the New Gallery. If some of the clever masters of technique who exhibit here had been allowed to imagine that independence and originality were not "taboo," the result would have been very different, and such pictures as Mr. William Padgett's "Journey" (213) or his "Flush of Eve" (54), Mr. Llewellyn's "Whitby" (32), notwithstanding its obvious violation of the solstice, and Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Sleeping Waters" (36) would not have been among the few exceptions to the general rule of clever imitativeness or repetition.

There are, however, many works, happily, which from their cleverness deserve every praise. Foremost among these is Mr. Watts's portrait of Mr. George Meredith (111), of which the artist and its ultimate heir—the British public—may well be proud. Sir Edward Burne-Jones—the joint pillar with Mr. Watts of the New Gallery—sends his revival of the lost "Love among the Ruins" (106), of which the brilliant colouring is the most effective part. The allegory is a little confused, or, rather, far-fetched, and is not altogether assisted by the cold light on the castle walls and distant prospect. In his portrait of Miss Amy Gaskell (155) we have the painful results of applying the conventional colouring (or colourlessness) of an extinct Italian art to a healthy British maiden. We are not certain that there are not points in that aggressively modern Madame E. (61), painted by M. Fernand Khnopff, which do not appeal more directly to one's senses.

## PASTELS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The exhibition of amateur art in aid of the East-End charities for women is now recognised as an annual fixture of importance in the social world. The committee, with commendable taste, unite with it a loan exhibition of selected works of some lesser known eighteenth-century master, which greatly adds to its attractive character. Last year Downman was the favoured artist. This year the committee have selected a greater man, John Russell, R.A. Never before has there been an exhibition of Russell's works in anything like representative form, and yet the artist in his short life produced 1000 pictures. The reason is that the families for whom Russell worked have in most instances retained their family portraits and handed them down from generation to generation. Russell's pictures were mainly in crayon, and pastels for a while in the early part of this century were not popular, and then again, being easily liable to damage, were but seldom exhibited. Russell was born in 1745, in the ancient county town of Guildford, and he died at Hull in 1805. His book on painting in crayons was at one time in popular demand, and in the pages of this very scarce volume he explains the method of making and using his colours. The very reason why his pictures stand to-day in all their original brilliance was that he made his own crayons, and of the purest whiting and dry colour. Sir Joseph Banks,

President of the Royal Society, in writing of the lovely picture that Lord Brabourne lends to the exhibition, and which we illustrate, uses these words: "Being of opinion that the oil-pictures of the present time invariably fade quicker than the persons they are intended to represent, I always declined having Lady Banks painted in that manner." He continues, in his letter to Lady Banks's trustee: "The picture you receive is in crayons by the hand of a master with whom I have lately become acquainted. I have every reason to believe that the colours he has made use of will stand." This opinion from the greatest chemist of his day was no mean praise, and was richly deserved by Russell.

A curious man was our artist: a man of intense religious conviction, a friend of all the great revival preachers of his day—Wesley, Whitfield, Romaine, and Newton. He left behind him a diary in numerous volumes, written in shorthand, subjective and morbid in tone, but abounding in interesting matter. It is only recently that this diary has been translated, and the long-promised memoir of Russell will, we hear, appear very shortly. Dr. George C. Williamson, who has been working at it for several years, is helping the committee of the exhibition, and preparing their catalogue. His book will contain a list of all the pictures that are known, and in its compilation he is receiving the invaluable aid of Lord Ronald Gower.

Russell was the popular portrait-painter of his day, and a man of great perseverance. He resided mainly in Newman Street, but spent much time in York, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Hull, and his pictures are to be found in many of the great houses near these towns. He was a royal favourite, and became portrait-painter to the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and Duke of York; and for the Prince Regent he painted several pictures at Brighton, notably those hanging in Buckingham Palace of the Brighton characters, Martha Gunn and Old Smoker.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

By dint of making themselves unpleasant to the Government, the representatives of "gallant little Wales" have got their Welsh Disestablishment Bill at last. It was introduced by Mr. Asquith in a speech which was a masterly exposition of a very complicated scheme. But the Home Secretary's warmest admirer could not say that the speech disclosed any ardent sympathy with the cause. Mr. Gladstone had a different method of handling such a question. As an ardent son of the Church, he always saw her rising, purified and serene, from the material vesture of sordid endowments from which it was his duty to relieve her. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, discussed the sequestration of ecclesiastical property in Wales with as little sentiment as if he were arguing a knotty legal point before a judge in chambers. This coolness had the effect of stimulating the Opposition to an emotional display. Sir Richard Webster, in particular, was at great pains to prove that a man may have a legal mind but a deeply religious nature. Mr. Bucknill, another lawyer, was equally earnest and devout. On the Radical side Mr. Lloyd George gave the House a taste of Welsh Nonconformity. If all the Nonconformists in Wales are like Mr. Lloyd George, there must be a pretty atmosphere of sectarian animosity circling round the crest of Plinlimmon. Mr. Lloyd George is

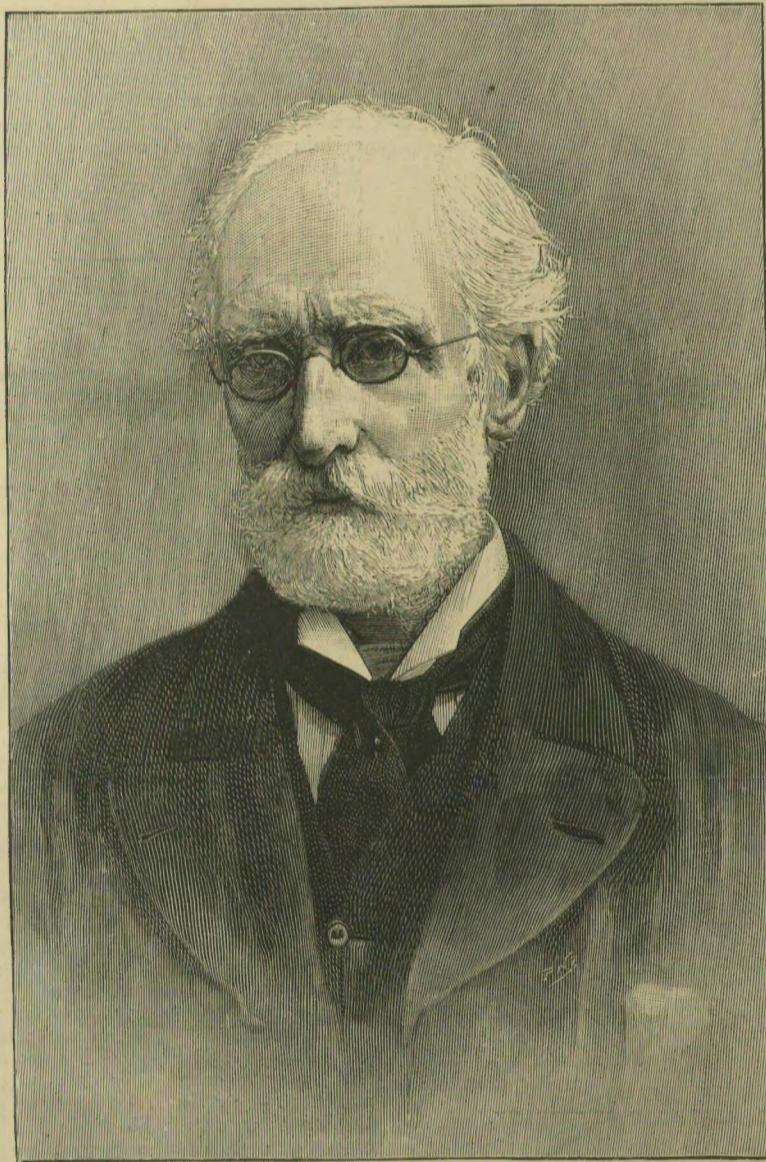
The clergy are to keep their parsonages, and the churches and cathedrals are to be maintained as "national monuments," though a precise definition of the uses of a "national monument" seemed uncongenial to the Treasury bench.

Having launched their Disestablishment Bill, Ministers are giving the Registration Bill a little exercise. Disestablishment has been propped up on its chair with a feeding-bottle, and Registration is taken out in the perambulator. The Opposition prowl around the Government nursery seeking to bring its occupants to an untimely end. "That's a delicate child," says Sir Edward Clarke to Nurse Morley, who is wheeling the perambulator. "Why don't you bring out little Redistribution!" "Ain't got no baby of that name!" retorts Nurse Morley, very uppish. "Oh, you ain't, ain't you," says Sir Edward Clarke; "then don't you think you're going to foist this brat on us, that's all!" Sir Edward moved an amendment to the second reading of the Registration Bill in a speech which greatly delighted his friends. Why didn't the Government go in for a redistribution scheme instead of tinkering at registration? Because they were dependent on the Irish vote, and knew that they dare not reduce the representation of Ireland. What was the sense of attacking plural voting? If a man had twenty votes in different parts of the country, what then? Ought not education and intelligence to be more strongly represented than ignorance? The Government were seeking to disfranchise education and intelligence,

## THE TWO DIRECTORS.

No one who has seen the erect military figure of the late director of the National Gallery would believe that he was born in the year after the battle of Waterloo was fought. Sir Frederick William Burton, whose father was an Irish country gentleman, was born in the county of Limerick and educated at Dublin, where he first studied art, and attached himself to the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he became successively an Associate (1837) and a full member (1838). In 1842 he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy in London, and for some years afterwards had much vogue as a portrait-painter. In 1851 he paid a prolonged visit to the Continent, spending the greater part of his time at Munich, Nuremberg, and in the towns and villages of Franconia; whence he brought back numerous sketches which were exhibited at the old Water Colour Society, of which he became an Associate in 1855 and a full member in 1859. He continued to exhibit until 1870, when he retired, and in 1874, on the retirement of Sir William Boxall, he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. During his careful and noteworthy administration the national collection has been raised to the first rank, and his arrangement of the pictures in the new rooms has been recognised by foreigners, as well as by his own countrymen, as worthy of the highest praise. It may be mentioned that the only portrait of George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) was painted by Sir F. Burton.

Twenty years separate the late Director from his successor,



SIR FREDERICK BURTON,

RETIRING DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



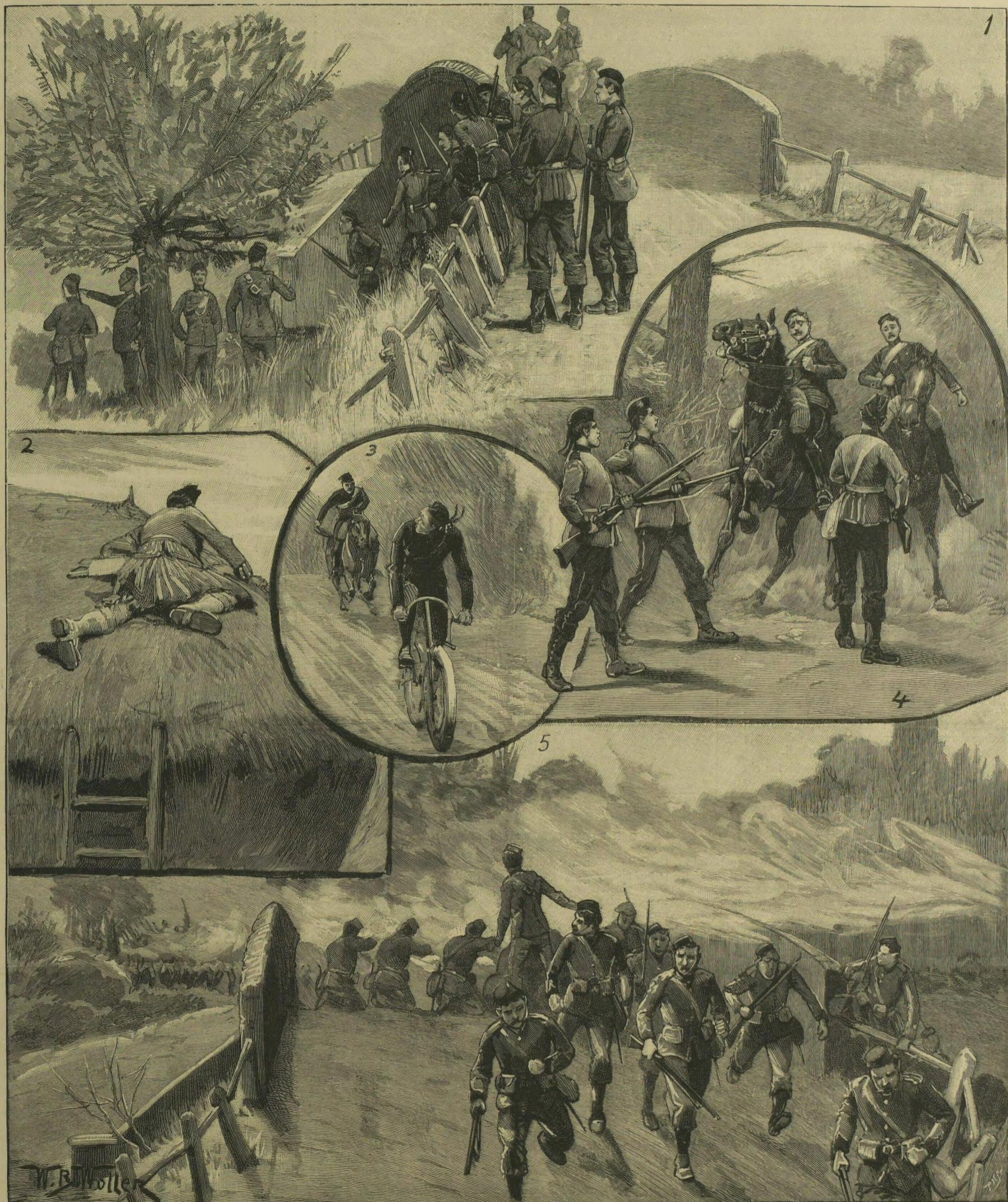
MR. E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

NEW DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

a very positive young man, whose temper does much more harm to the Government than any direct attack on their policy. His historical researches had a vague bearing on some Act of Union between England and Wales, an instrument which furnished Mr. Balfour with a very damaging retort. The preamble of an Act of Henry VIII. proved to be a rebuke to the "rude and ignorant" persons who supposed that the Welsh were at some time or other an independent nation. Perhaps Mr. Balfour failed to rise to the heights of Sir Richard Webster's ecclesiastical fervour, but he made a damaging onslaught upon the provisions of the Bill by which the operation of disendowment is to linger till the existing incumbents have died out. The surplus funds are then to be applied to useful purposes, such as the construction of public baths and washhouses. "Imagine a village Hampden," said Mr. Balfour, "with a yearning for baths and washhouses, but cursed by an obstacle in the person of a young and healthy incumbent!" Mr. Asquith had explained that the Government preferred this plan to that adopted when the Irish Church was disestablished. The Irish clergy were encouraged to commute their stipends, and bonuses were granted as inducements to that end, with the result that the cost of disestablishment, estimated at something over five millions, was actually more than seven millions. The Government could not repeat that extravagant experiment, nor did they intend to divert the funds of the disendowed Church from the particular localities. Tithe is to be collected by the County Councils and paid to three Commissioners, who will provide the stipends of the "young and healthy incumbent" what time he is pursued by the hungry gaze of the bath and wash-house reformer.

and why? Because education and intelligence were opposed to the policy of this Ministry. These sentiments provoked frantic cheers from the Opposition benches—though it was not quite clear why a man who possessed twenty votes should for that reason be considered better educated and more intelligent than a man whose means gave him only one vote. Further, Sir Edward Clarke declared that a man who lived in one division and carried on his business in another ought to have votes for both—a more effective point than the education argument. To this Sir Charles Dilke, whose mind is simply steeped in the details of this question, replied that the occupation franchise was a comparatively small affair, that when the opinion of the country was taken at a General Election it was ridiculous to count certain electors several times over, that redistribution was a very big business which could not be confined to Ireland and which was not likely to confer any advantage on the Conservative party. This statement was received with Opposition murmurs of incredulity, and so Sir Charles Dilke went into an elaborate calculation of the changes which redistribution was likely to make in England—a view of the subject which grew more and more depressing to the benches opposite. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli sought to cheer the drooping spirits of his companions in arms by some calculations of his own. I am sorry to say this young legislator at present belies his name. He is not romantic, and he does not sparkle with epigram. But who can be either witty or profound in discussing the lodger franchise, or the question whether a qualifying period of three months' residence in a constituency will enable a man to get on the register in nine months?

Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., who was born in Paris in 1836, but educated at Westminster and at Ipswich. He early quitted classics for art, and studied, first in London and afterwards in Paris, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and in the atelier of Gleyre, one of the last exponents of the French Academic style. In Paris he was the fellow-student of Whistler, Du Maurier, and other English artists who have since become famous. His first recorded appearance in London was at the British Institution in 1859, but in the following year he settled there, and at once became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, his first picture, "Alla Veneziana" (1861), showing at once his powers and aims as a colourist. It was not, however, until 1867 that his large picture, "Israel in Egypt," now in the Guildhall Loan Exhibition, attracted public attention; and on the strength of it he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1869. In 1868 he exhibited "The Catapult," another large picture much on the lines of his previous work; but from this time he devoted himself more exclusively to purely classical subjects, such as "Proserpine" (1870), "Andromeda" (1871), "Atalanta's Race" (1876), and "A Visit to Esculapius"—most of which were painted for the Earl of Wharncliffe, for whom he had also executed previously "The Dragon of Wantley" (1873). From 1871 to 1877 Mr. Poynter held the post of Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, and for four years subsequently was Director of Art at South Kensington. In the meanwhile he went on painting assiduously, and designed cartoons for Westminster Palace, decorations for the Grill Room at the South Kensington Museum, sending pictures every year to the Royal Academy and the old Water Colour Society.



1. Examining Post and placing Sentries at Perivale Bridge.  
4. "Halt! The Countersign."

2. Post of Vantage at an old House. 3. Horse v. Bicycle.

5. Inns of Court Volunteers retiring before the Harrow Boys over Greenford Bridge.

VOLUNTEERS AND REGULARS IN MIDDLESEX TRAINING FOR OUTPOST DUTY.

Infantry Volunteer Battalions of the Home Military District, under the command of General Lord Methuen, on Saturday, April 28, assembled to the number of about three thousand in that part of West Middlesex lying north-west of the Brent, between Hendon, Harrow, and Hanwell, to go through a series of exercises in outpost duties. The plan of manœuvres supposed that an enemy was advancing on London from Watford; and that the defending army, stationed at Willesden, Acton, and Ealing, was to form a line of outposts, about seven miles long, from Hanwell, on the west, to the east end of the Brent reservoir at Hendon. The outpost line was divided into four sections: the first near Hendon, occupied by Colonel Lord A. C.

Wellesley with a mixed battalion of Middlesex and Surrey, and one Oxford University, Volunteer companies, and with the 3rd and 2nd Volunteer battalions attached to the Royal Fusiliers; the second, under Colonel Sterling, formed by the Hon. Artillery Company, the 18th, 19th, 21st, and 22nd Middlesex, and detachments of the Victoria, St. George's, London Irish, 1st V. B. Royal Fusiliers, and 2nd Middlesex; the third section, on Hanger Hill, under Colonel Trotter, comprising a battery, less two guns, of Royal Horse Artillery, the London Rifle Brigade, the 2nd and 3rd London, 17th Middlesex, 1st Tower Hamlets, and Post Office Corps; and the fourth section, under Colonel Gascoigne, west of Perivale to the bend of the Brent near

Greenford, and thence to Hanwell railway-station, consisted of the 9th Middlesex, the London Scottish, the Civil Service, the Queen's Westminster, the 4th Middlesex, the 5th Middlesex, and the Inns of Court Volunteers near Greenford Bridge. Patrol duty was done by mounted infantry. The enemy were represented by Lord Falmouth, with three or four squadrons of the Life Guards and 8th Hussars, with two guns, and a small show of infantry, which included the Harrow School cadet corps. There were also bicycle companies on the field. Sir Francis Grenfell, Deputy Adjutant-General, accompanied Lord Methuen in the inspection of the posts, which were completely maintained during three hours of not very serious action.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Sunday, April 29, arrived in England, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on her return from Florence and from Coburg. Having left Coburg on Saturday evening at seven o'clock, she reached Flushing before nine on Sunday morning, embarked on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, made the passage, escorted by the Osborne and three other vessels, and landed at Port Victoria at half-past five in the afternoon, when she proceeded by special train to Windsor, and entered the Castle at twenty minutes past eight in the evening. On Monday, at three o'clock, her Majesty held a Council, which was attended by Lord Rosebery and by the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Steward, and by Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, to swear in the new Privy Councillors, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Charles Russell, Sir George Grey, and Sir Frank Lascelles. The Queen had a family dinner-party on Tuesday, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on his forty-fourth birthday.

The Prince of Wales on Monday evening, April 30, arrived in London from Paris, and the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, from Sandringham, joined his Royal Highness at Marlborough House, where they were visited, on the same evening, by the Duke and Duchess of York and by the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen.

The Duchess of Teck, accompanied by the Duke of Teck, on April 30 presided at a concert in the Shoreditch Town Hall in aid of the country holiday fund of the Hoxton Market Christian Institute.

Princess Christian, on May 5, presides at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, held at the Royal United Service Institution.

Sir John Rigby, Q.C., M.P., has been appointed Attorney-General, to succeed Sir Charles Russell, and Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., to be Solicitor-General.

The Lord Mayor of London, on April 25, took the chair at the annual dinner, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, of supporters of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, whose festival was held that day in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were among the company.

The Royal Literary Fund had its 104th annual dinner, on April 25, at the Hôtel Métropole; Lord Roberts was in the chair, and Mr. Bayard, the American Minister, Mr. W. J. Courthope, and Mr. W. H. Lecky were leading speakers.

The seventy-ninth annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Institution took place at the Hôtel Métropole on April 28; the chairman was Lord Ribblesdale, and speeches were made by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. Stuart Wortley, M.P., and others.

Epping Forest was visited on Saturday, April 28, by the Essex Field Club, under the guidance of Mr. E. N. Buxton, one of the Verders, who explained the recent operations in thinning the trees and removing those decayed; the party afterwards dined at Chingford.

The Admiralty has made contracts for six new second-class cruisers, two of which will be built by the Fairfield Company of Glasgow, two by the London and Glasgow Engineering Company, and two by the Barrow Naval Construction Company.

The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, originally the "Anti-State Church Association," founded by Mr. Edward Miall and others in 1844, has held its jubilee or fiftieth anniversary meetings, beginning on Monday, April 30, at the City Temple. Mr. B. S. Olding presided, and Mr. Illingworth, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Mr. J. Carvell Williams, M.P., Mr. Alderman White, of Norwich, Sir George Morgan, M.P., Mr. G. E. Russell, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., Dr. Spence Watson, and several Nonconformist ministers, took part in the proceedings.

Judgment has been given by Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in the City Court, on the application of the liquidator of the Liberator Building Society for an order to the administrator of H. Granville Wright's estate to pay over the money which Wright had improperly received, as solicitor to the society, in secret commissions. Mr. Commissioner Kerr ordered that Wright's estate should refund the sums claimed in respect of the Strand, Queen's Gate, and Albert Hall properties, with interest at 4 per cent.

At Bow Street Police-Court, on April 27, the two Anarchist conspirators arrested in London, Giuseppe Farnara, alias Carnot, and Francesco Polti, lodging in Clerkenwell, were committed for trial for being in unlawful possession of explosive chemicals and metal shells to be used for destructive and murderous purposes. Colonel Majendie, of the War Office, and Dr. Dupré, of the Home Office, as scientific experts, gave their opinion concerning these materials, and there was the evidence of papers showing an intention to perpetrate this sort of crime.

In Paris, on April 28, the Anarchist Emile Henry was convicted of the dynamite outrages and murders at the Café Terminus, on Feb. 12 this year, and in the Rue des Bons Enfants, on Nov. 8, 1892, both of which deeds he acknowledged and pretended to glory in them. The Court passed on him sentence of death.

The French Navy estimates for this year, amounting to 277 millions of francs, show an increase of ten millions on those of last year, five millions being for ship-building and armament of ships.

The so-called "Festival of Labour," on May 1, in Paris and in other Continental capitals passed off quietly, with trade union deputations, meetings, speeches, and resolutions. At Vienna there was a procession—from forty to sixty thousand people—to the Prater, or public park; at Berlin, Zurich, Geneva, Rome, and Madrid some meetings were held, but without any disturbance. There were

small riots only at Ghent, in Belgium, and at Grätz, in Styria.

The German Emperor William II. has returned to Berlin from his visit to Coburg and the hunting party at which he was entertained by the Grand Duke of Weimar.

There were further destructive earthquake shocks in Greece, especially at Thebes and in several villages of that part of the country, on Friday night, April 27, and nearly three hundred people have been killed in the district of Atalanti. The King, the Crown Prince, and Prince Nicholas have personally exerted themselves on the spot to relieve the distressed.

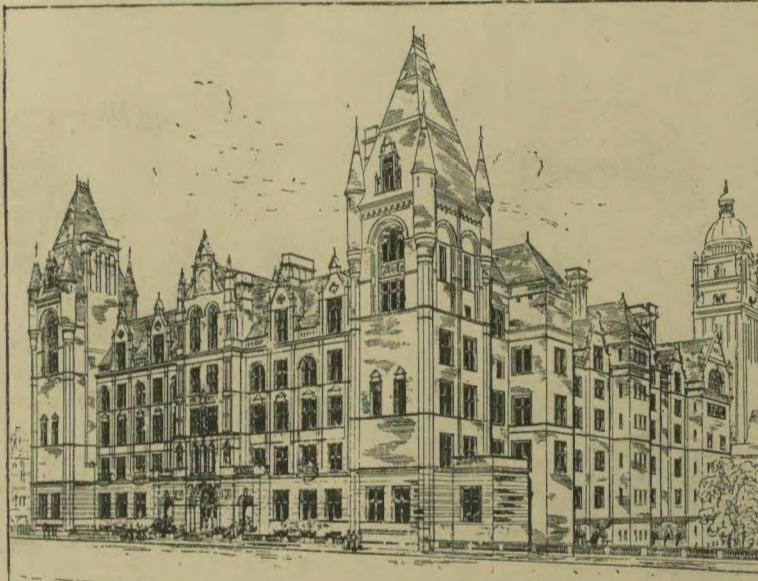
A step has been taken between Russia and China towards the settlement of the Central Asian questions by an engagement on the part of the Russian Government not to let the Russian troops push on to the portion of Pamir territory claimed by China pending a final agreement, which is hardly expected before the end of the year.

The proposal of the New Zealand Government to undertake the protectorate of Samoa has been approved by all the Australian Governments except that of New South Wales, which prefers that the British Imperial Government should have the direct protectorate. But no such measure can be taken without the consent of Germany and the United States, which have equal treaty rights.

In South Africa there is still a difficulty about the proposed settlement of Swaziland, where the native dowager Queen has, with her indunas, or chief councillors, definitively refused to sign any document which would authorise the Transvaal Government to occupy the country.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The Royal College of Music, opened by the Prince of Wales, representing the Queen, on Wednesday, May 2, is a new building, in the Prince Consort Road, Kensington, between the centre of the Imperial Institute and that of the Albert Hall. This site has great advantages of neighbourhood, which are, however, to a certain extent counterbalanced by the fact that its level is some eighteen feet below that of



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, KENSINGTON.

the Prince Consort Road, a fact which necessarily enhanced the difficulty of planning and designing the building. The front portion consists of the administrative offices for the complete college, with refreshment-rooms for the professors and pupils, and a number of rooms for instruction, in class and singly, in all the different branches of music. The organ-rooms are in the upper part of the towers at each end. There are three large rooms on the top floor, extending over the whole building between the towers, intended for the reception of a complete musical library. On the lowest floor is a large and well-lighted room, which has been fitted up and decorated by Mr. Donaldson as a unique museum of curious and interesting musical instruments, presented by him to the college. When the whole of the college buildings are completed, they will form a double quadrangle, which will comprise not only ranges of additional class-rooms, but large examination halls and a lyric theatre, complete in every detail, and capable of accommodating an audience of eight hundred. This will be so constructed as to be readily adapted for use as a concert-room or a lecture-hall. The architects of the building, the cost of which has been defrayed entirely by Mr. Samson Fox, of Leeds, are Sir Arthur Blomfield and Sons; the contractor for the work is Mr. John Thompson, of Peterborough.

For Whitsuntide special advantages are offered to passengers visiting Holland and Germany by the Hook of Holland route, via Harwich, with the fine new steam-boats of the Great Eastern Railway Company. Holiday-makers travelling by this route, instead of leaving at 8 p.m., as formerly, are now able to stay half an hour later in London, as the boat express now starts at 8.30 every evening. They will arrive at Amsterdam at 8.30 next morning, and at Rotterdam, the Hague, or Leyden, somewhat earlier. This is now the shortest route to Berlin. Cheap weekly return tickets will also be issued, via the Harwich route, to the Antwerp Exhibition. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m. every weekday are landed at Antwerp next morning at 10, close to the Exhibition, and as the last four hours of the voyage are on the river Scheldt they can breakfast comfortably on board. The steamers leave Antwerp at 5.46 p.m. every weekday, and table d'hôte is served on board during the passage down the Scheldt. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on May 9 and 12 for Hamburg, taking passengers at single fares for the return journey.

## MUSIC.

At last we know with some degree of accuracy in what manner events are likely to shape themselves during the forthcoming Covent Garden season. It has taken Sir Augustus Harris some time to reduce to tolerable order the various arrangements which have been keeping him busy for the past three months; but now that his "private" prospectus is complete and his establishment fairly ready to begin work, we have naught but satisfaction to express at the promise which is held forth. Even if the impresario should fail to carry out his intentions to the exact letter, his season will assuredly be the liveliest on record. It will be a week shorter than usual (eleven weeks instead of twelve), but in that comparatively brief space it is proposed to mount no fewer than eight operas for the first time, in addition to twenty-two which are already in the repertory. The latter there is no need to enumerate, though we may observe that the selection seems to us extremely judicious. The eight novelties announced are Verdi's "Falstaff," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Gounod's "Sapho," Cowen's "Signa," Massenet's "Werther" and "La Navarraise" (this last written specially for Covent Garden), Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," and Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust." To these will very probably be added Vidal's ballet, "La Maladetta," now being performed with great success at the Paris Opéra. The amount of executive resource and preparatory labour entailed by such an ambitious undertaking must necessarily be exceptional, and Sir Augustus Harris is too old an operatic hand to have set himself so formidable a task without providing the wherewithal for its fulfilment. Not only has he engaged an enormous company, portions of which have already appeared together in the majority of the new works, but he has made arrangements for an entire week to be devoted to full rehearsals for principals, orchestra, and chorus before the opening night arrives.

The primary result of this plan will be the possibility of bringing out two of the new operas during the first week of the season. Thus, on Whit Monday (the inaugural night)

will be produced Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," while on the following Thursday Verdi's "Falstaff" will be submitted for the first time to the judgment of an English audience. For the interpretation of these works, artists have been specially secured from Milan, and although well known at La Scala, they are all of them strangers to our operatic boards. The most prominent among them are Signorina Olga Olghina, who plays Manon and Anne Page; Signorina Zilli, the original Mistress Ford; Signor Beduschi, who will be the Des Grieux and Fenton; Signor Pini-Corsi, the original Ford; Signor Wilmant, who plays Lescaut; and Signor Pessina, who is said to be an admirable Falstaff. Puccini's opera will be conducted by Signor Seppilli, and Verdi's by Signor Mancinelli.

The casts of the remaining operas are as yet only partially settled. We may mention, however, that in "L'Attaque du Moulin," the talented baritone M. Bouvet will sustain his original creation of the Miller; M. Cossira will be the Dominique, Mdlle. Nuovina the Françoise; and M. Dufriche the German Captain; while Mdlle. Delna, the new French mezzo-soprano, will make her début in her original impersonation of Marcelline. Madame Calvé will, of course, create the rôle of Anita in "La Navarraise," which M. Massenet has written expressly for her; Mdlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravagli will undertake the leading parts in "Sapho"; and M. Jean de Reszke will repeat here his American success in "Werther."

The entire troupe engaged by Sir Augustus Harris numbers no less than fifty artists, comprising sixteen sopranos, five contraltos, thirteen tenors, nine baritones, and seven basses. To this list may be added the five conductors, one of whom, M. Flon, of the Brussels Monnaie, will be a newcomer. Besides the familiar names already mentioned, we may enumerate those of Madame Melba, Madame Emma Eames, Mdlle. Simonet (who won favour here during the autumn of 1891), Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Lucile Hill, Mdlle. Olitzka, Miss Pauline Joran, and MM. De Lucia, Alvarez, Max Alvar, Bonnard, O'Mara, Ancona, Richard Green, David Bispham, Plançon, Charles Manners, Castlemary, and Edouard de Reszke. Among the other débuts will be Mdlle. Paccini, a soprano from Madrid, and M. Albers, a baritone from Bordeaux. On the second night of the season "Faust" will be given in French, with a capital cast, and on the following night "Philémon et Baucis" and "Cavalleria." Such is the outline of an opera season which bids fair to be remarkable even in the annals of a remarkable régime.

The personal popularity of Mr. Augustus Harris with his Sydenham friends was very palpably demonstrated at his annual benefit concert on Saturday, April 28. Not only did his reception assume the proportions of a genuine ovation, but at the conclusion of the symphony (Beethoven's noble work in A, No. 7) a veritable cartload of wreaths and floral gifts of various kinds was handed up to the platform when the veteran conductor returned to acknowledge the applause that greeted him from all parts of the room. The programme was full of attractive items, the most interesting of which for amateurs was the overture "In der Natur," by Dvorák, now heard for the first time in this country. It forms the opening section of what is known as the Bohemian composer's "Triple Overture," and it illustrates with infinite charm and spirit such sounds and beauties of nature as the lover of rural life readily knows how to perceive and enjoy. It proved to be a worthy companion in every sense of the overtures already heard, and was received with marked warmth. Among the vocalists who appeared was Miss Rina Allerton, a niece of Mr. Manns, who displayed a powerful soprano voice and good style in Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and Grieg's "Solveig's Song."

## PERSONAL.

A brother of the Archbishop of York, General Robert MacLagan, R.E., who died on April 22, was a distinguished officer of the Army in India, an able director of Public Works in the Punjab, and a learned writer on Indian historical topics. He was one of seven sons of Dr. David MacLagan, Physician to the Forces in Scotland, studied at Edinburgh and at Addiscombe, and entered the East India Company's service in 1839. He served in the Sikh War, after which he was appointed Principal of the Government Engineering College at Roorkee. From 1860 to 1879 he was Chief Engineer and Secretary to the Punjab Public Works Department. When he retired, the native members of that service founded a college scholarship as a memorial of their esteem for him. He wrote several articles in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and a "Life of Akbar," which is not yet published.

Mr. Gladstone's translations of Horace were undertaken, it is said, to show how much more concise that poet may be in English than he is in Latin. Unfortunately, the Gladstonian Horace is very stiff and rather pedantic; he is involved in phrase and uncertain in metre. Mr. Gladstone thinks the Latin Horace is verbose, and is fond of comparing him in this respect with Gray, in whose Elegy it would be impossible to alter a word. Probably Mr. Gladstone would translate Gray into Latin with more success than he has achieved in translating Horace into English.

Is there going to be an interdict on the marriage of English diplomats with foreign ladies? The French Prime Minister is said to have remarked that the members of the British Embassy in Paris have wives who are not English. France and Germany have found it necessary to prohibit their diplomats from marrying foreigners. The reason appears to be that the wife of an ambassador's bosom may play havoc with his country's interests if she is not bound to these by ties of birth and patriotism. Some day we shall learn that an imperative condition of entrance to the diplomatic service of England is a solemn pledge by the candidate never to marry without the consent of the Foreign Office. No doubt that department will draw up a list of eligible ladies.

It would be interesting to know what the Glasgow censors of art think of Mr. Poynter's succession to the Directorship of the National Gallery. His pictures have been declared by certain tradesmen in the Scotch city to be unfit for public exhibition. They will naturally view with indignation the appointment of such a man to the control of our chief national treasure-house of art. It was Rosey Mackenzie's sister who married an elder of the Kirk, and wrote from Scotland to reprove the backsliding members of her family for countenancing such immoral places as waxworks and the Tower of London. Perhaps the Glasgow reformers will urge their fellow-citizens to boycott the National Gallery.

It is somewhat curious that the two Principals in St. Andrews University should have served an apprenticeship as professors in Aberdeen University.

Seven years ago, Dr. James Donaldson, a bosom friend of the Premier, was transferred from the Latin chair at Aberdeen to succeed to the Principalship of the United Colleges of Mr. Lang's beloved Alma Mater, and now the Rosebery Government

has elevated Dr. Alexander Stewart from the chair of Systematic Theology in the University of the Granite City to be Principal of St. Mary's College. Dr. Stewart, as a matter of fact, returns to the University of which he was a very distinguished student, and where his philosophical attainments attracted the

notice of John Stuart Mill. Theology has been his life-long study, and, after several years in the peaceful paths of a parish minister, he sought to gratify his aspirations by standing for the chair of Biblical Criticism in Aberdeen. The candidates for this post have to undergo the almost unique test of a regular examination, not only in the subject which they propose to teach, but also in the classics. Dr. Stewart headed the list, and became professor. Unlike many divines, he is an excellent preacher, and he is noted in the Church as a gifted speaker. Indeed, "A. K. H. B." has left it on record that Dr. Stewart is "one of the most beautiful readers" he has ever heard. The gift would seem to be a family one, for a brother of the new Principal was for a long time a valuable member of Mr. Compton's comedy company.

A few of us can remember when, sixty years ago, the romantic name of "Don Carlos" became in Spain the signal word of a seven-years war, terminating in 1841 by the intervention of Lord Palmerston and the active service of a volunteer British Legion, under General Sir De Lacy Evans, in the expulsion of that Bourbon prince. He was brother to King Ferdinand VII., and the male heir to the French dynasty of Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV., whose enthronement in Spain, under a bequest procured by French intrigue from the imbecile Charles II., last monarch of the Hapsburg line, was resisted by England, Holland, and the German Empire through Marlborough's campaigns. The Salic law, excluding females from the royal succession, had never been the law of Spain, but the first Bourbon King forced it upon that country; it was repealed, however, in 1830, when Ferdinand's daughter Isabella, his only child, a mere baby, was made heiress to the crown. Her uncle Charles, on the death of Ferdinand in 1833, claimed the throne by the former law, relying on the support of a faction attached to despotic rule and to the rigid ecclesiastical principles maintained by Spanish prelates and monks ever since the time of Philip II. The long and fierce civil war that followed was one in which Englishmen felt a strong interest, believing that the Christina cause, so named from the Queen Regent Christina, mother of the infant Isabella, was that of constitutional government, and of civil and religious liberty. The Don Carlos of that period was driven out of Spain, and died in 1855. His sons formally renounced their claim,

The death, caused by a street accident, but at the age of eighty, of Mr. W. McCullagh Torrens, long a member of the House of Commons and an able writer of political history, is regretted by many old friends. An Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he practised for a while at the Bar, was appointed a Commissioner of the Poor-Law Inquiry in Ireland in 1835, was a private secretary to Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton; sat in Parliament for Dundalk from 1847, for Yarmouth in 1857, and in 1865 was returned for the undivided borough of Finsbury by so many as 13,195 votes. He was the pioneer of London municipal reform; he procured the Acts for the registration of friendly societies and for improving the law upon building societies; in 1867, in Committee on Mr. Disraeli's Household Suffrage Bill, he proposed and carried the lodger franchise; and in the following year Torrens' Artisans Dwellings Act, anticipating Lord Cross's by ten years or more, associated his name with the improvement of poor men's homes. He was also instrumental in obtaining the adoption of boarding-out of children by Poor-Law guardians, and in the formation of the School Board for London, of which he was himself elected a member. In 1885 he brought in and carried an important Bill for limiting the charge for water in London. To him also is due the enactment for removing the principal prisons from the metropolis, and converting the sites into workmen's dwellings and open spaces. A most useful member of Parliament, Mr. Torrens was instrumental in improving some antiquated and obsolete forms of procedure between the Lords and Commons. His literary labours were of solid value, including "Lectures on the Study of History," "The Industrial History of Free Nations," memoirs of Shiel, Sir James Graham, Lord Melbourne, and the Marquis of Wellesley, a treatise on the "Reform of Procedure in Parliament," and his interesting reminiscences, "Twenty Years in Parliament," to which will be added, next month, the publication of his "History of the Cabinets," a work that had occupied much of his attention during twenty years past. He spoke, a few days before his death, at the annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press.

The Duke of York will preside at a lecture by Major Conder, R.E., on May 8, in the Westminster Town Hall, on "Future Researches in Palestine," with special reference to Jerusalem. The proceeds will be devoted to the explorations at Jerusalem, for which a firman has just been granted by the Sultan.

The Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales is the Rev. Dr. George S. Barrett, of Norwich. He was born on Sept. 16, 1839, in Jamaica, where his father was labouring as a missionary. After private education at Clewer House, Windsor, and a brief experience as a teacher, Mr. Barrett entered Lancashire College. On the completion of his studies thereat, he succeeded, in 1886, the Rev. J.

Alexander (who himself filled the office of Chairman of the Congregational Union many years ago) as pastor of Prince's Street Church, Norwich. He has remained there ever since, working with increasing success and appreciation. Mr. Barrett married the granddaughter of George Lance, the eminent fruit-painter; her sister, it is interesting to recall, was the original of Mr. Sant's famous picture "Little Red Riding Hood," which was reproduced for the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* in 1863. He is the author of two excellent works, entitled "Family Religion" and "The Intermediate State." Dr. Barrett's forte is preaching, and his logical and lucid style has gained him a high place in the body over which he now presides as chairman. The University of St. Andrews conferred on him this year the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

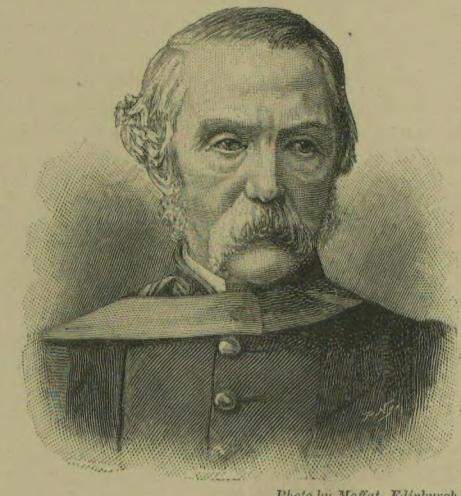


Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT MACLAGAN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.  
THE LATE MR. W. McCULLAGH TORRENS.

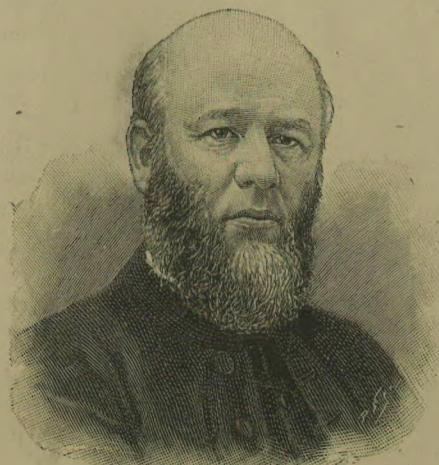


Photo by Geering, Aberdeen.

DR. ALEXANDER STEWART.

has elevated Dr. Alexander Stewart from the chair of Systematic Theology in the University of the Granite City to be Principal of St. Mary's College. Dr. Stewart, as a matter of fact, returns to the University of which he was a very distinguished student, and where his philosophical attainments attracted the

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By W. E. NORRIS.

## CHAPTER IX.

## VERONICA IS HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED.

After giving the subject full consideration, Veronica decided against informing her aunt in so many words that the project of undoing the perverse deeds of the late Mr. Trevor by means of a matrimonial alliance was one which could never be carried into effect. So far as she herself was concerned, she would greatly have preferred a straightforward course; but there were other people to be thought of, and Horace's point of view was, after all, comprehensible enough. He wanted to be upon intimate, cousinly terms with the girl who had supplanted him; but he did not want to be worried and bothered, nor could he attempt to explain to people incapable of understanding what he meant that he was too much of a gentleman to fall in with their ideas. He would, therefore, simply absent himself—a thing which he must on no account be allowed to do. His expressed reluctance to meet Dolly Cradock needed no explanation, and it was entirely to his credit that, being now too poor to think of marrying, he should shrink from close association in a country house with one whom, under happier circumstances, he might have asked to share his fortunes. But it was clearly indispensable that he should visit Broxham, and that he should meet Dolly there. Moreover, Veronica herself was too fond of him, and too sincerely interested in him, to contemplate the loss of his companionship with equanimity.

All these cogent arguments led her to make a compromise with her conscience. She did, indeed, tell Aunt Julia that she had been much annoyed at hearing of a ridiculous rumour to the effect that she was engaged to her cousin; but when Mrs. Mansfield rejoined, laughing, "Oh, my dear, that was certain to be said; it isn't of the slightest consequence," she pursued the subject no further. It was not, she thought, necessary to protest that under no conceivable circumstances could such a rumour be justified by the event. Nor did she make any reply to her aunt's subsequent ejaculation of "Dolly Cradock, of course, has been repeating gossip to you! The truth is that she herself would have been only too glad to marry Horace when everybody thought that he had expectations; but she would never have had the chance."

As to the accuracy of this latter assertion, Veronica had her own opinion; but of course she kept it to herself. She likewise kept to herself all reference to the scheme of which an outline existed in her prophetic mind. At least Aunt Julia would not be able to say that any encouragement had been given to her own scheme, or that the persons concerned therein were responsible for its predestined failure.

Having arrived at that comforting conclusion, Veronica felt free to leave the future alone and enjoy the present—which was, in truth, very enjoyable. It is no bad thing to have plenty of ready money, to be allowed to do pretty much what you please, and to be provided with entertaining and diversified society. When to this is added a congenial and deferential companion, in the person of a young man whom you have every hope of moulding in accordance with your ideas of what a young man ought to be, you must indeed be hard to please if you are not satisfied. During the weeks that followed Veronica was very well satisfied indeed. Everything seemed to be going as smoothly as could be expected; Aunt Julia was only too glad to keep her in London as long as she cared to stay; Mrs. Dimsdale, after some hesitation, had consented to let her defray the cost of Joe's agricultural tuition in the house of a gentleman-farmer, with whom it had been arranged that he should take up his residence; Mr. Mostyn



*It was in very respectful and deferential accents that the young man addressed Miss Dimsdale when they left the cathedral together.*

looked in from time to time and spoke words of encouragement which were not, perhaps, to be taken too literally, but which were pleasant to listen to. The only question which gave rise to some harassing misgivings was whether, after all, Dolly Cradock was quite worthy of Horace. For there was no shutting one's eyes to the fact that Dolly was vulgar-minded, and increased intimacy with her rendered it impossible to imagine that her influence upon her future husband could be of an elevating nature. However, people must be allowed to choose for themselves in such matters, and Veronica felt tolerably certain that Horace's choice had been made. She was all the more certain of it because he took such pains to avoid meeting Miss Cradock, and because he could by no means be induced to talk about her. His one wish apparently, was to spend as many hours as possible with the girl who had despoiled him of his inheritance, and, as may be supposed, it was not Mrs. Mansfield who was inclined to baulk him of facilities for gratifying that wish. Veronica, knowing the true state of the case, could not help finding this a little amusing.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" she asked him one Saturday afternoon when he was, as usual, sitting beside her at the tea-table, Mrs. Mansfield having (also as usual) retired into her own sanctum to write letters.

He replied that he didn't know; he had rather thought of looking in at Tattersall's.

"Ah, but I mean in the morning," said Veronica. "You ought, of course, to be going to church somewhere; but I am afraid that you don't always remember to go to church. Why not come to St. Paul's with me? They are doing Schubert in F, which is well worth hearing, and perhaps the sermon may be worth hearing too."

"It may be; one never knows," assented Horace in a somewhat despondent tone. "But," he added more cheerfully, "I shall be delighted to go anywhere with you. I find that I am beginning to like all the things that you like; so that there's a chance of my even appreciating the music, ignorant though I am."

Appreciation can hardly exist without knowledge, but it is, fortunately, within the capacity of us all to admire what is beautiful, although we may not be able to specify our reasons for so doing; and perhaps it was because Horace Trevor's powers of admiration were very great that he thoroughly enjoyed the service to which he was duly conducted on the following day. He had never heard anything of the kind before—his previous experiences of Church of England services having been of a severely Protestant order—and, to tell the truth, he would have been puzzled to say at any given moment precisely what was taking place. Nevertheless, his emotions were stirred by the really exquisite rendering of a composition which cannot but appeal to everyone who has even an uncultivated musical ear: the pealing organ, the sweet treble voices, the subdued solemnity of the whole scene, the sense of space and remoteness in the heart of the vast city touched something within him which is generally known by the name of the devotional instinct. He said to himself that that sort of thing made him feel good—it may be that the occasional side-glances which he stole at his companion, who had evidently forgotten his vicinity, made him feel still better. In these days women are doing their very best to persuade us that they are neither better nor worse than we ourselves; but the illusions—if, indeed, they be illusions—of centuries die hard, and probably there will always remain a sufficient supply of simple-minded male creatures who, like Horace Trevor, will cling to the old theory of angel or fiend. And it was in very respectful and deferential accents that that young man addressed Miss Dimsdale when they left the cathedral together.

"I don't wonder at your being fond of sacred music," he said; "one can see that it is really sacred to you."

"Well, Schubert is," answered Veronica, who did not quite take his meaning; "but there are plenty of masses which are distinctly secular."

"You would say your prayers just the same, though, whether the music was secular or not," persisted Horace Trevor. "You were saying your prayers this morning."

"You weren't, then?"

The young man shook his head gravely. "Haven't done such a thing for years, I'm sorry to say. I had more than half a mind to begin just now; but then I thought what's the use of making believe? It would only have been because of—because of you, don't you see!"

Veronica did not look as much shocked as he had expected her to be. "There is no use in making believe, certainly," she assented, with a slight laugh. "Do you mean that you are a sceptic?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered Horace, who, oddly enough, was himself quite shocked at the question; "only a sinner."

"I doubt whether you are a very heinous kind of sinner, and many excellent men are more or less of sceptics. There is Mr. Mostyn, for instance—"

"Oh, it don't matter what he is!" interrupted Horace; "I ain't going to take him for my model. What we all ought to be is what you are."

"How overjoyed Aunt Julia would be if she could hear you making such fantastic assertions!" exclaimed Veronica, laughing aloud. "Don't look so cross; I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but really I am not what you take me for; it is only the music that has gone to your head. Besides," she added more gravely, "Christianity doesn't consist in saying prayers."

"What does it consist in?" Horace asked.

"I am going to lunch with one of the Canons, who ought to be able to tell you, if anyone can," answered Veronica. "Come and be introduced to him. He is a dear old man—a friend of Uncle John's, and he will be charmed to see you."

It did not occur to Veronica that there was anything startling or out-of-the-way in thus presenting herself at the house of her uncle's friend, attended by a strange young man; nor was that eminent divine as scandalised as his wife would have been if he had had one. He was an amiable, hospitable and somewhat absent-minded old bachelor, in addition to being a distinguished theologian; Veronica's matter-of-course

explanation that she had brought a hungry cousin with her appeared to him to meet all the requirements of the case, and he accorded a kindly welcome to Horace, whose spiritual hunger he was not invited to assuage in the course of the ensuing hour.

As for Horace himself, it must be owned that the unconventional character of the whole proceeding was not without a certain exhilarating effect upon him. There did, to be sure, exist a perfectly clear convention between him and Veronica, by virtue of which he was where he was, and which entitled him to say "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" to all and sundry whom it might concern. Still, he was, after all, a young man and she was a young woman, while their relationship was a fiction pure and simple. One cannot entirely ignore such circumstances—unless, indeed, one is so singular and admirable a mortal as Veronica Dimsdale—and his mind dwelt upon them a good deal more than upon religious difficulties while he sat in the dim old dining-room, listening to a conversation which related chiefly to matters of which he had little personal knowledge. He was surprised to find how much Veronica knew, how well up she was in statistics and how capable of discussing the social problems of a great city with one whose earlier and more active years had been spent in an East-End parish.

"Do you know," said he, as they walked slowly away from Amen Corner in search of a cab, "I am beginning to think that the old chap who made a rich woman of you was no fool. You will spend his money more sensibly than he did, and a very great deal more sensibly than I should have done if it had come to me."

"I am glad you think so," answered Veronica. She added, after a pause: "I only hope you will always do me the justice to think so."

"I shall always think that whatever you do is right," returned the young man, with conviction.

That sounded like a rather bold assertion to make; but Veronica said nothing in depreciation of it. She was conscious of being in some respects Horace's superior; she wanted him to look up to her, and indeed hardly saw how his future happiness was to be secured upon any other terms. She therefore permitted him, without contradiction, to praise her wisdom and unselfishness in glowing language until the sight of a solitary hansom caused her to interrupt his eloquence.

There are not too many hansom to be met with in the City on a Sunday afternoon; so that you must take what you can get. Otherwise, Horace, who had not a Londoner's comfortable conviction that one horse is much the same as another, would probably have allowed that particular vehicle to pass unheeded.

"Mind his heels!" said he, as Veronica stepped in; and, sure enough, two resounding bangs upon the dashboard gave immediate justification for his warning.

"Is he going to kick?" asked Veronica, while Horace, after calling out the address to the driver, seated himself beside her.

"Yes, I expect so," answered the young man, who looked a little perturbed. "Shall we let this fellow go and walk on until we meet another?"

But Veronica answered, with a laugh, "Oh, no! That would be too humiliating. Besides, a hansom isn't like a dog-cart. There would be a great deal of kicking to be done before we could be touched."

That was all very fine, but a hansom is an awkward conveyance to get out of; and they were no sooner off than Horace heartily wished that he had been more peremptory with his companion. The animal was young and fresh; he did not seem to be well accustomed to his work, and, what was worse was that the driver was evidently afraid of him. After about five uneasy minutes—during which Veronica had been placidly contemplating the long vista of the Strand—the very thing happened which her more watchful neighbour had been inwardly dreading. A sudden gust of wind swept across the street, blowing a scrap of newspaper before it, just under the horse's nose. Up went the brute's heels, down went his head, and the next moment he was tearing off towards Charing Cross at a pace far too good to last.

It is never very pleasant to be run away with, but perhaps the most disagreeable time and place that could be selected for such an experience would be a London street on Sunday. Horses seldom bolt in a crowd, and even when they do, their career cannot last long; but this excited beast had nothing in front of him, except a couple of omnibuses, with both of which he just missed colliding, and the only question was how far he would run before the inevitable smash occurred.

"Sit tight!" exclaimed Horace. But, indeed, there was nothing else to be done, unless it was to get down into the bottom of the cab, and this measure of precaution he was in the act of enforcing upon Veronica when he was abruptly shot out into the roadway, preceded by his hat, which somebody obligingly picked up for him. The horse had slipped and fallen heavily; the shafts were broken; the driver was lying insensible upon the pavement, and Veronica, neither frightened nor hurt, was stooping over the man, surrounded by a rapidly increasing crowd. Horace, after satisfying himself that she had really sustained no injury, was for withdrawing her from the throng at once, but to this she could in no wise be induced to consent. Not a step would she stir until a couple of policemen had arrived upon the scene, and the horse had been got upon his legs again, and a stretcher had been procured for the luckless cabman; nor would anything serve her then but to join the procession which was presently set in motion for Charing Cross Hospital, where she insisted upon awaiting the verdict of the house-surgeon, which was, fortunately, a favourable one. Then she took the name and address of the sufferer, said she would visit him again on the morrow, and promised that his wife and children should be provided for as long as might be necessary.

All this was doubtless no more than what obedience to the dictates of common humanity enjoined; but there is no known method of determining what people actually are or do. They and their conduct are, for all practical purposes, what they

appear to us to be, and it appeared to Horace Trevor that Miss Veronica Dimsdale was a woman of quite extraordinary courage and benevolence. On the way to South Audley Street he told her so, with rather more emphasis, perhaps, than the occasion called for; insomuch that she laughed heartily at him, although his praise was not displeasing to her.

"I am getting my share of compliments to-day," was her concluding remark, as she took leave of him on the doorstep. "At this rate, I shall soon realise your ideal of absolute perfection. And yet if I ever beg you to grant me a small favour the chances are that you will regret your inability to do what you are asked."

"Try me," said Horace.

"Well, perhaps I will some fine day. Now I must go in and relate my adventures to Aunt Julia, who will at once add a storey to her castle in the air upon the strength of them."

Horace walked off in a meditative mood. He himself was unconsciously laying the foundations of a castle in the air, and had been so occupied since the morning; but, to do him justice, he no sooner discovered what he was about than he promptly stopped operations.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed aloud, "this will never do! A nice peck of trouble I shall land myself in if I don't look out! Luckily, it isn't too late to pull up, and pull up I must before I begin to run down the hill. Henceforth, my dear Veronica, we won't see quite so much of one another."

He paced on for some little distance, with a rather rueful countenance, and then relieved his feelings by a second audible ejaculation—for he was crossing Grosvenor Square at the moment and there was nobody within hearing—

"What beats me is how the General, who has a pretty quick eye for good looks, can have described her as no beauty! If he had seen her sitting in that hansom cab, as cool as you please, with death staring her in the face, he would have altered his opinion, I suspect. However, it's nothing to me whether she is lovely or plain. No! if there is a certain fact in the world it is that that must never be anything to me."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### AN INCOMPLETE EXPLANATION.

It is very hard luck to lose your heart to a girl whom you cannot possibly marry: worse luck by a long way—such, at least was Horace Trevor's opinion—than to lose a fortune through her. But he consoled himself with the reflection that he had not lost his heart yet; he was only in some danger of doing so. As to the impossibility of his ever marrying Veronica, that was manifest. The thing was impossible, not so much because he had honourable scruples about enriching himself in such a way as because she would most assuredly refuse him were he insane enough to propose to her. Moreover, she would consider, and rightly consider, that he had played her false. A compact had been entered into, and it must not be departed from, happen what might.

What seemed more than likely to happen, unless immediate steps were taken to avert the calamity, was that her natural acuteness would enable her to detect a state of things which ought to be concealed from her. Horace, therefore, made up his mind to take immediate steps; and perhaps it was by way of inaugurating a fresh departure that he betook himself forthwith to South Kensington to call on Lady Louisa Cradock.

On arriving at his destination, he found, as he had anticipated, a number of hilarious persons of both sexes gathered together; for Lady Louisa was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and her daughter's friends were accustomed to make themselves so under her roof. She herself was a faded, careworn little woman, whose dress resembled her carpets in respect of being threadbare and who never exerted herself to entertain anybody. It was Dolly's business to do that, and Dolly was generally considered to be immensely entertaining. Horace himself had always hitherto concurred in the general opinion; but then Miss Dolly had not hitherto been entertaining at his expense, as she now saw fit to be.

"Well, you have got a nice pair of broken knees on you!" was her jocose greeting. "That ought to be a good twenty pounds off your value—which isn't what it used to be, anyhow."

Horace glanced down, and for the first time perceived two large muddy patches upon his trousers, which he vainly attempted to rub off with his hand.

"Never mind," resumed Dolly, "it looks respectable, after all—shows you have been to church. One of those Ritualistic places of worship where there are too many services to leave time for scrubbing the floor, I suppose. And I'll lay two to one in half-crowns that I name the person who took you there. What a pity that you should have taken to pious practices too late in the day! But perhaps it isn't too late—eh?"

"Piety hadn't anything to do with it; I've been pitched out of a hansom," answered Horace rather gruffly; for he was conscious of an amused and rather inquisitive audience, and he did not at the moment care about being chaffed upon the subject of his intimacy with Miss Dimsdale.

But of course there was no escape for him. He was made to give a full account of the manner in which he had spent the day, and Dolly's comments on his narrative, if humorous, were not of a nature to please him. He began to see what had not struck him before, that he ought not to have exposed Veronica to the more or less ill-natured gossip of lookers-on. Mrs. Mansfield, who anticipated an engagement, could afford to allow him privileges which he had had no business to claim; but since there was to be no engagement, and since he had known all along that there was to be none, his conduct had certainly been thoughtless. Now he had to submit to the banter of Dolly Cradock and her friends, his denial that there was anything in the shape of a flirtation between him and the lady whom he persisted in calling his cousin being naturally taken for what it was worth. There had, however, been at one time something almost more pronounced than a flirtation

between him and his present tormentor, and in his simplicity he could think of no better way of stopping her mouth than attempting a renewal of it.

"I think *you* at least might spare me this sort of thing," he took occasion to say to her reproachfully in a low voice, under cover of the temporary diversion created by the entrance of a fresh visitor.

Dolly shrugged her shoulders and made a grimace. "Don't apologise," she returned. "The wind has changed; you are quite right to shape your course accordingly."

"But I am not shaping it in *that* direction, and I wish you wouldn't talk as if I were. I know well enough that the wind has changed, and I can't—well, I can't look forward to things which I might have looked forward to once upon a time; but I do assure you that neither my cousin nor I are dreaming of what you mean, and I don't want to be annoyed by false reports."

"But really, my dear friend, it doesn't make the slightest difference to me whether the reports are false or true."

"I suppose not," answered Horace, with a rather hypocritical sigh; "only it would be kind of you to discourage them. At this rate I shall soon have to give up all my female friends. Some of them I mustn't visit lest I should be supposed to be a fortune-hunter, and others I have felt bound to avoid because I have become such a hopeless detrimental."

The odd thing was that this palpably insincere explanation of the fact that he had latterly neglected his duty towards a certain lady friend was accepted. If Dolly Cradock had really wished to marry her quondam admirer, she might have been less easily convinced; but she had no idea of linking her fate with that of a hopeless detrimental. Her only feeling in the matter had been one of slight mortification that another should bear away what had once been a prize, and she was not unwilling to make believe a little for the sake of securing a cheap triumph. So she said compassionately—

"Poor fellow! Well, you sha'n't be accused again of wanting to do the only sensible thing that there is to be done, under the circumstances. But it isn't necessary to cut old acquaintances because you yourself have been unfortunate enough to be cut out of your inheritance. Give us credit for not being so desperately eager to jump down your throat, and look us up sometimes, as you used to do before the superior Veronica took you in hand and tried to elevate your taste."

It was close upon dinner-time when Horace quitted a house which he had esteemed in former days to be one of the cheeriest in London. If his taste had now become so elevated that its inmates and habitués had ceased to attract him, that, he felt,

was scarcely a matter for self-congratulation. He must seek amusement somewhere or other, but certainly not in South Audley Street; and the worst of it was that he doubted very much whether amusement was obtainable for him elsewhere. However, he was determined to try—the more so because he had a genuine liking for Dolly Cradock, notwithstanding her lack of refinement.

During many successive days, therefore, both Mrs. Mansfield and Veronica were made to wonder what in the world had become of him. The former ended by growing seriously uneasy; the latter, though a little piqued, said to herself that nothing was more easily to be accounted for than his absence. Of course he had his own friends and his own

wished to consult him. The summons was dutifully obeyed, and the matters of business (which referred to the investment of some money, a subject as to which Horace's opinion was of no value whatsoever) did not take long to dispose of. Then the good lady, who had listened to his observations with a great show of deference and attention, said she must write to her bankers and brokers at once, and begged him to talk to Veronica in the drawing-room for a few minutes while she finished her letters.

Now, Veronica, as it chanced, was not best pleased with the way in which he had behaved during luncheon. Certain symptoms—a visible embarrassment of manner, an unnatural loquacity, a careful avoidance of her eye—which had appeared

to his hostess to indicate nothing more than that nervous apprehension which a young man who has unhappily fallen out with the girl of his heart may be expected to display, were open to quite another interpretation, and it was in this latter light that Veronica had been disposed to view them. Consequently, her features did not relax when he came into the room, smiling, and said—

"I've been sent in here to talk to you. Poor old Aunt Julia! she ain't a diplomatist of the very first water, is she?"

"As far as that goes, I don't know that you are quite in a position to criticise her," Veronica observed drily. "Your thoughts are generally written upon your face in tolerably plain characters."

Horace came to a standstill and said, "Oh, I hope not!"

"I would not entertain that hope if I were you; it will never be anything but a very forlorn one. After all, there is nothing to be ashamed of in having a speaking countenance, and I have always liked you for being unable to conceal your thoughts. At the same time, I wish you did not have such thoughts!"

The young man, being now quite sure

that his secret had been detected, dropped into a chair and answered sorrowfully, "I am awfully sorry, Veronica, but I can't help them, you know."

"Can't you? Well I suppose it is natural to men to be vain and—horrid. For the last two or three days I have had a dawning suspicion of what it might be that kept you from coming here as usual, and now I know. I shouldn't be telling you the truth if I didn't say that I am disappointed in you. However, we won't quarrel over it."

"I wish with all my heart that you hadn't guessed; but don't you think I was right to stay away, Veronica?" pleaded poor Horace humbly.

"I certainly do not think that your reason for staying away was a good one, and I can't understand why you should harbour delusions which I have never done anything at all to encourage. You don't seem to have much belief in my word; but surely



*The horse had slipped and fallen heavily; the shafts were broken; the driver was lying insensible upon the pavement, and Veronica, neither frightened nor hurt, was stooping over the man.*

pursuits, neither being identical with hers, and if she had been able for a time to wean him from these, that only showed how good-natured he was. Besides, she really did not want to have him always following her about. Much as she liked him, she could quite conceive the possibility of having too much of his society and could quite forgive him for having had, apparently, too much of hers. This was what she said to her aunt, who suspected that there had been a quarrel and whose persistent queries were sometimes troublesome to evade.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Mrs. Mansfield had other sources of information, from which she learnt that Horace had been seen every morning riding in the Park with Dolly Cradock; and, putting two and two together, she came to the conclusion that the best thing she could do was to write a somewhat peremptory note requesting the young man to come to luncheon, as she had matters of business upon which she

you might believe that I am speaking the truth when I assure you that if you were the only man in the world, I should not marry you!"

"Since you say so, no doubt it is so. Thank you for putting the case in such a forcible way," answered Horace, with a shade of resentment in his voice; for indeed assurances of that kind can hardly be made palatable to their recipient, however salutary they may be.

"Very well, then; let us drop the subject, and begin again where we left off. It is most disagreeable to be forced into saying what I have had to say; but you will allow that you have only yourself to blame for it. You ought to have known better."

Horace ruefully admitted that he ought. "But I don't know about beginning again where we left off," he added; "it isn't so easy to forget things, even though one may be quite willing not to mention them any more."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Veronica, laughing. "If I am ready to forgive and forget, it can't be asking too much of you that you should do the same. Especially as you have nothing on earth to forgive. You have made a mistake, and you confess that it was a mistake: that is enough. Let us consider the whole incident wiped out and say no more about it. Now tell me, what you have been doing with yourself all this long time."

Horace did his best to appear friendly and unconcerned; but it was scarcely within the power of mortal man to help feeling a little bit sore, or to help showing that he felt so. He had not expected Veronica to divine what he himself had ignored up to the moment of their last parting; yet, since she had divined it, a little more sympathy and a little less *brusquerie* would not have been out of place, he thought. Why was he to blame for having fallen in love with her? If he had so far forgotten their respective positions as to propose marriage to her, that would have been quite another thing. So the dialogue that followed did not at all resemble previous dialogues held between him and Veronica, and perhaps, in the course of it, he dwelt rather more than was absolutely necessary upon the circumstance that he had seen a great deal of the Cradock family of late. When a man has just been informed that if he were the sole representative of his sex upon the surface of this planet, one woman at least would never deign to look at him, he is not unnaturally disposed to hint at the existence of other women less hard to please.

Veronica, for her part, seemed to be, and indeed was, much interested in all that he had to tell her. She spoke with magnanimous approval of Dolly Cradock, encouraged him to be more communicative and shook hands with him warmly when Mrs. Mansfield came into the room with her bonnet on, which he took as a signal for him to rise.

"I hope," said that well-meaning lady, as soon as he had departed, "that you have contrived to put poor Horace into better spirits; he looked quite ill and unlike himself at luncheon, I thought."

"Oh, I don't think there is very much the matter with him," answered Veronica, laughing, "and I am sure he will always be like himself. He has no sort of aptitude for being like anybody else."

Nevertheless, she confessed to herself, after she had begged to be excused from accompanying her aunt to a musical tea-fight, that she had not until now known exactly what Horace was like. She had supposed him too simple, too unsuspecting, above all too modest to fall into so preposterous an error as that to which she had understood that he had owned; it did not increase her respect for his intelligence that he should have deemed it necessary to protect her from a wholly imaginary danger and absent himself lest his fascinations should prove too much for her fortitude.

"But, never mind!" was the reflection with which she finally dismissed this unpleasant episode from her thoughts: "I told him I would forgive and forget, and I must be as good as my word. I think, too, that I must have made him feel rather foolish. The main thing is that we are still friends, and, with ordinary luck, I ought to be able to arrange matters so that he shall be squire of Broxburn before another year is out. When once that business has been settled, we can go our several ways, and I daresay we shall not meet often again; for, somehow or other, I don't feel as if I should ever care to be very intimate with Dolly Cradock."

(To be continued.)

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## AN AMERICAN PEPYS

BY ANDREW LANG.

To hide their treasures under a bushel is not the common custom of Americans. Rather do they take pains to keep the world informed that they have an exhibition, for example, at Chicago. But they have something which, to a child of light, is far more precious than Chicago itself—they have Cotton Mather's diary, and yet they have not published the document. The Massachusetts Historical Society and some other public bodies are holders. The Massachusetts Historical Society has put forth Judge Sewall's diary, and I do not mean to rest till I have acquired it. But of Cotton Mather, a creature as curious in his way as Pepys, the confidential diary is still in manuscript. Perhaps Transatlantic modesty shrinks from some of Cotton's confidences; we ourselves, I venture to think, are now getting our Pepys rather too "neat." Cotton I only know (except in his books) from Mr. Barrett Wendell's brief biography of the man in "Makers of America" (Dodd and Mead, New York; no date). Mr. Wendell has produced a Puritan pudding which is almost all plums. It is as frankly entertaining as a book can be, lucid, kindly, and, as regards a man much spoken against, sympathetic. Cotton Mather, unfortunately, was a chief promoter of the witch-hangings in Salem. He had a minister hanged—an innocent man—for an imaginary crime. This is a terrible blot in his record, but when you understand Cotton you almost or quite forgive him. With his ideas, and with the "experiences" in which he believed, he would not have done his duty if he had not urged the hanging of harmless men and women and even of a dog. We may say that he should not have had these ideas, but they were shared by the devout in almost all communions calling themselves Christians. America, before the Puritan invasion, was regarded as the Devil's own territory, though the Indians were not really so devilish as the armed colonists.

Cotton Mather had the temper and more or less of the authority of a priest, and was the descendant of Puritan priests. Elected by a religious democracy, such priests had no traditional consecration; for this they made up by magical acquirements and supernatural experiences. The position was untenable, but, while it lasted, the Protestant priesthood persecuted heretics and killed witches with the best of them. Cotton's father, the learned Increase Mather, "saw God before his eyes in an inexpressible manner," but he found that such "flights of the soul" "cannot be exactly remembered by the happy partakers of them." Experiences like those of Increase Mather and Plotinus are not evidence to other people, but they naturally make the percipient very dogmatic. Both the Mathers believed in "particular faiths," subjective and prophetic certainties about future events. The prophecies often were unfulfilled, but this did not shake their belief in themselves. Cotton records, in his diary of 1685, and in Latin, his conversation with an angel, who spoke to him about his books! He had prayed, he had fasted, he had rolled in the dust (of his study floor), and, behold! he saw an angel, whom he describes. Joan of Arc declined to describe her angels. Apparently angel-visits were not very few and far between with Cotton. Such a man will go far.

Mather's diaries are about everything in his life—about toothache—"have I not sinned with my teeth?"—about an Indian, whom he bought and gave to his father, about the fines which, like Mr. Pepys, he laid on himself for his offences. Like Mr. Pepys, Cotton was very amorous. He married early and married often. One backsliding he records in Latin. Mr. Wendell does not tell us what it was, but he does tell us that Cotton did not want his wife to know about the peccadillo. Is any of Dr. Mather's diary written, so to say, in Scarlet Letters, like so much of Mr. Pepys'? Deplorable scandals were not uncommon even among elderly ministers. A lady carved at a dinner-party. "Lord, Carve a rich portion of thy Graces and comforts to that person," says Cotton in his diary. He recognises, in several places, the liberal and tolerant legislation of James II., whom his father visited in England. Our country could not then endure "to lick up the vomit of toleration," as the Covenanters put it; but Cotton, at least, was grateful to King James. The affair of the witchcraft (1692) seems never to have weighed on his conscience much. He had a narrow escape himself. His own *evestrum*, or astral body, appeared to a bewitched young woman, and threatened her! This might have shown him what crazy nonsense the whole affair was. He had a particular revelation that all his children would be "everlasting temples," and so on. Alas! his son Increase was a type of the young colonial blade, a Massachusetts Mohawk. Cotton was the best and most affectionate of sons and the kindest and gentlest of fathers. "The slavish way of education—carried on with raving, kicking, and scourging—he expressed a mortal aversion to," says his son Samuel. On the death of his first wife "a person very amiable" proposed to poor Cotton; but he was cautious, and it seems that "the ingenious child's" character was not what it should have been. He married a widow, not a "thorn-back," as young ladies over twenty-five were courteously called. On her death he married again, at the mature age of fifty-three. Then he found one of his diaries obliterated. Perhaps he assigned this to witchcraft, but two years later

he discovered the true explanation. "That most ungentlewomanly woman," his third wife, was the culprit. Mr. Barrett says that she was mad; she certainly was a shrew. Cotton would have been happier had he agreed with the monogamous theory of the Vicar of Wakefield. When smallpox came he preached and practised inoculation. A disbeliever in that prophylactic threw a bomb into his room—how modern it sounds! But Cotton's angel was on the alert, he says, and the bomb did not explode. "Dam you, Cotton, you dog! I'll enoculate you with this!" was written on a label fastened to the missile, with other remarks of a broad-blown Elizabethan character. Glasgow University, thanks to Wodrow, I suppose, made Cotton a doctor, to his extreme delight. He is also said to have been made F.R.S., but there were some who doubted. In 1716 he wrote out an official affidavit of a ghost which appeared to Anne Griffen and Ruth Weeden. His love of a bogey endeared him to Wodrow. Once Cotton's notes for a sermon vanished: spirits did it. In my poor experience they are always at it with manuscripts. Some days afterwards the notes were found scattered in the street. Many years later this abnormal phenomenon reached Wodrow. The Doctor's sermon had been taken out of his pocket as he rode to preach in a distant church. On his prayer they came flying back to him. Wodrow adds: "Mem. To write to the Doctor about this." If he did write, there is no reply in his correspondence with Wodrow.

The poor Doctor had much trouble in his last days with "wicked Church of England men," a shrewish wife, and a fast son. But he was *fructuosus*, as he says. These books of his, on which the angel conversed with him, amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine! In spite of one or two rather Jesuitical acts, he seems to have been an honest man—an honest man with much innocent blood on his hands—and a most unconscious humorist. His diaries, published without reserve, would be a boon to people who love queer human characters and confessions.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The recent appointments to the Bampton Lectureship have been very satisfactory, and, if I am not mistaken, the election of the Rev. T. B. Strong, of Christ Church, will fully justify itself. Mr. Strong, though little known as yet to the outside public, is a man of genuine originality, and is highly valued by Bishop Westcott and other leading theologians. His only book as yet is a "Manual of Dogmatic Theology," which, somehow, has not been much noticed. I believe Mr. Strong has chosen the subject of Christian Ethics for his Bampton Lecture.

It is pretty well known that for long there has been much dissatisfaction with the publications of the S.P.G. At the last monthly meeting, in a very moderate speech, Canon Awdry proposed that the standing committee should be asked to consider the appointment of an editorial secretary. The Dean of St. Paul's spoke against the proposal, but the country clergy expressed their dissatisfaction with the literature provided by the society. Ultimately, it was resolved to remit the whole subject to the committee for consideration. It is proverbially difficult to edit official publications satisfactorily, and clergymen are very severe as well as very competent critics.

The London Conservative press has, on the whole, gone against Mr. Athelstan Riley's action on the School Board. This has drawn some severe comments from the *Guardian*, which complains that the alliance of the Church and the Conservative party, which has been so advantageous to the Conservatives, will not be maintained unless the politicians show sympathy with the creed of the Church. It is not enough to repel the attacks on the Church simply because the Church is a bulwark of property. More will be heard of this.

The Welsh Disestablishment Bill is, on the whole, perhaps as favourable to the Church as the Government could make. Had Mr. Gladstone been compelled to produce a Bill, it is well known that he was disposed to make far greater concessions to the Church. The Welsh Liberals, however, would have rather maintained the *status quo* than accept a halfway Bill. There are no Non-conformists in the Cabinet, unless Mr. Fowler is excepted. But Mr. Asquith was brought up among the Congregationalists, and other Ministers are said to have had early relations with Dissent.

It is understood that the late Professor Robertson Smith has left behind him very little posthumous matter. A second edition of the first volume of his *Burnett Lectures* will be issued. But the second and third series were delivered from notes, and there is hardly any probability of their publication in volume form. The *Cambridge Record* contains an intelligent tribute to his work, which is pretty clearly from the pen of Mr. A. A. Bevan.

Canon Scott-Holland and Mr. Gore have been in Wales, under the auspices of the Christian Social Union. They had a hearty reception at Swansea, where Canon Scott-Holland insisted on the importance of a religious socialism. Mr. Gore's address was more academic, but it contained passages like this: "Many are obliged to live under conditions that are unfavourable and distorting, and that make them poor; and yet you say, 'It pleased God that the poor should be always with us.' But does it please God? No! Certainly not!"

The Baptist Union meetings have been very successful. An increase of more than 5000 is reported in the membership, and a fund of £109,000 is being raised to carry out church extension in the large towns. Among those who took part in the meetings were Mr. Augustine Birrell and Professor George Adam Smith.

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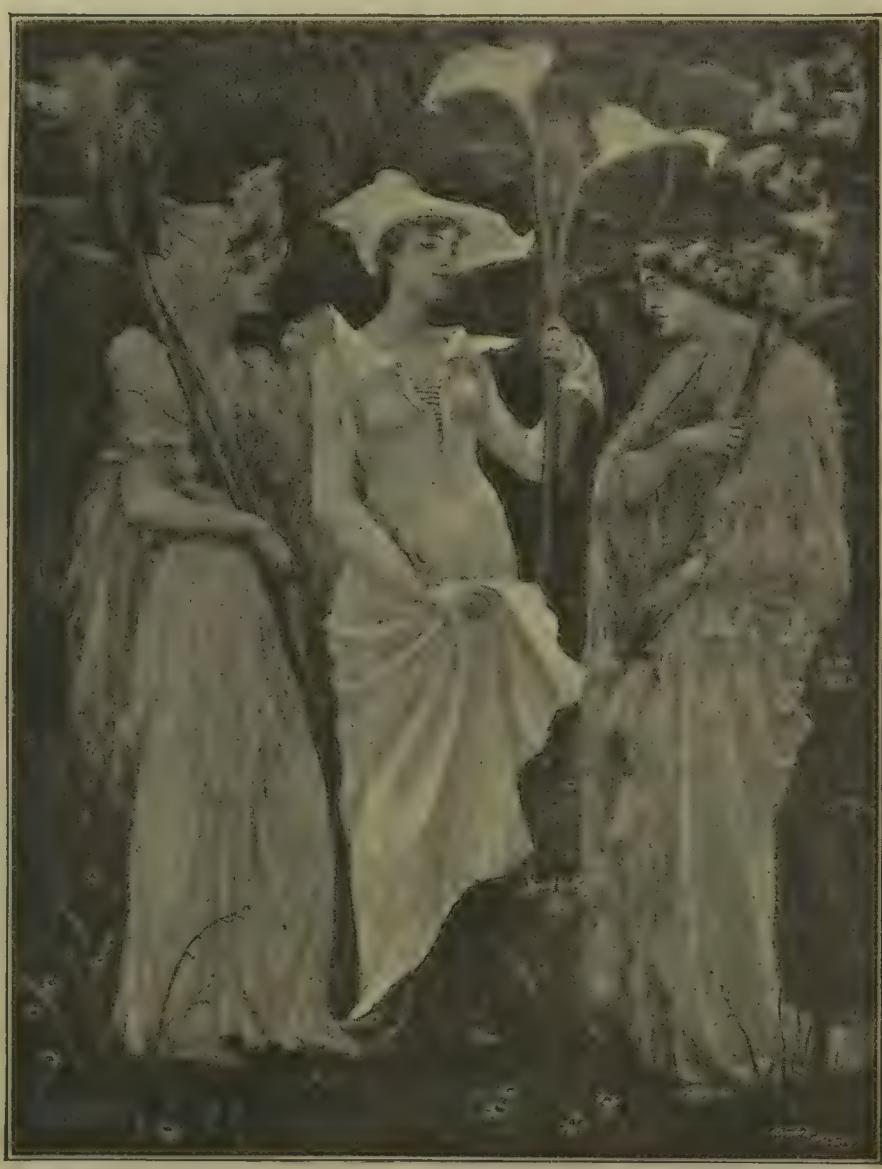
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CHARLOTTE SPAY GORHAM, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL GORHAM, OF GORHAM,  
AFTERWARDS WIFE OF MR. (LATER SIR) JOHN JACKSON; DIED 1807.  
*The Picture is in the possession of Mrs. Hawker.*



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MARY HUGESSEN (SISTER OF LADY BANKS), AFTERWARDS WIFE OF  
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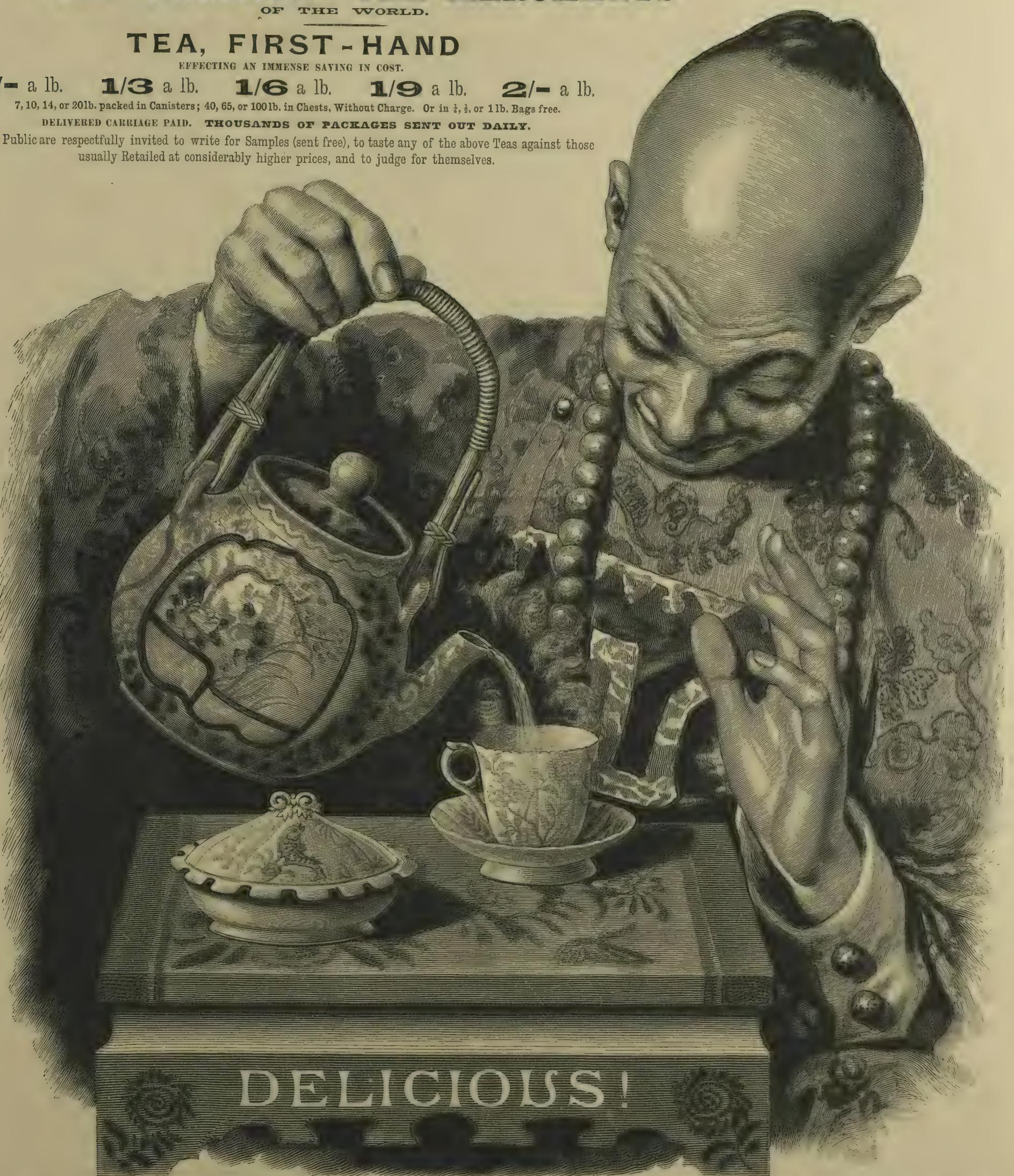
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 30, 1892) of Mr. George Henry Deakin, of Davenham House, Davenham, Cheshire, who died on March 3 at Southport, was proved on April 20 by Mrs. Edith Deakin, the widow, Alan Richardson, and Seddon Bowman Smith, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £89,000. The testator gives £1000 and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, stable, and gardening effects, live and dead stock, to his wife; and his watches, jewellery, and personal ornaments to his son Norman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up his sons until twenty-one, and daughters until marriage. On the death or second marriage of his wife, he bequeaths, if he shall leave only one daughter, £20,000, upon trust, for her, and if two or more daughters, £10,000 each, upon trust, for them. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to all his sons.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 12, 1892), of Mr. Henry Williams, of Rockingham Hall, Hagley, Worcestershire, and of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on April 14 by Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, the widow, John Homer Chance, and Hakewill Tresyllian Williams, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £49,000. The testator bequeaths his plate and pictures to his wife, for life, and then to be divided between his children by her; the remainder of his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £500 to his wife, and he gives her the right to occupy Rockingham Hall so long as she thinks fit; an annuity of £200 to his son, Henry William Frederick, and at his death one of £100 to his widow, if any; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Chance. His farmlands and hereditaments in the parishes of Hughenden and High Wycombe he devises to his wife, for life, and then to his son Hakewill Tresyllian. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, Elizabeth Anne, Catherine, Hakewill, and Evelyn, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 26, 1882) of Mr. Archibald Macnicoll, of 25, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on March 19, was proved on April 9 by Archibald Nicol Macnicoll, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator leaves and bequeaths all the means and estate of which he shall die possessed to his son, Archibald Nicol, and his daughter, Catherine Jane, in equal portions.

The will (dated May 19, 1892) of Mr. James Story, J.P., of Errington, Kilskeery, county Tyrone, and 49, York Street, Portman Square, who died on Feb. 4, was proved in London on April 19 by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Purefoy Fitzgerald and Wilfrid Thomas Rokeby Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £400 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Association; £200 to the Marylebone Almshouses; £100 to the Church Defence Association; £50 each to the Marylebone Conservative Association, the

Protestant Alliance, the Protestant Orphan Society at Cavan, the Protestant Orphan Society at Tyrone, the Council of the Primrose League (London), and the Ophthalmic Hospital (Jerusalem); £200 each to his executors; £3000 and all his plate to his sister, Sarah Mary Ann Story; £500 to his nephew, Francis Coryndon Carpenter Rowe; and other legacies. All his real estate in Ireland and in England and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves to his next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of intestates' effects.

The will (dated April 13, 1892) of Mrs. Mary Walford, of The Lodge, Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 31 by Edward Rumsey, the brother, Almarie Rumsey, and the Rev. Walter Neame, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testatrix bequeaths an annuity of £300 to her sister Ann Rumsey; £5000 to her brother Edward Rumsey; £2000 to Charles Cyril Bradford; and legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust for her said brother Edward, for life, and then for his children and the children of any deceased child.

The will and codicil of Mr. Thomas Holdsworth Newman, of 39, New Broad Street, and of 9, Great Cumberland Place, and of Coryton and Blackpool, Devon, was proved on April 20 by his eldest son, Robert Lydston Newman, one of the executors, the gross personality in England being sworn as of the value of £39,865 13s. 9d. By his will Mr. Newman, after giving an immediate legacy to Mrs. Newman, together with his town residence and stabling and his furniture and other effects, devises his Blackpool and Coryton estates to her for her life, with power to appoint them to his sons as she may see fit. After specific gifts of his shares in the Imperial Fire Office (of which he was a director), and his London and North-Western Railway Stock to his two elder sons, Robert Lydston Newman and Ralph de Denne Newman, he gives to them his share in the wine business of Hunt, Roppe, Teage and Co., of Oporto, and also the business in Newfoundland, of which he was the sole proprietor, together with the houses and land there, except that in the City of St. Johns, which he gives to his youngest son, Lionel Ernest Newman, on his attaining twenty-one, subject to the payment to Mrs. Newman of one half the rents and profits during her life. The testator leaves to each of his three daughters £5000, and, also subject to Mrs. Newman's life interest therein, his marriage settlement funds. The residue, including Mr. Newman's estates in Ireland, is left to Mrs. Newman absolutely.

The will (dated July 7, 1890), with three codicils (two dated March 4, 1893, and one Sept. 27 following), of Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Gamble Norris (wife of Mr. James Joseph Bertram George Norris), of Somerset Lodge, Manor Way, Blackheath, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on March 30 by Montagu St. John Maule, John Whitehead, Edwin Newbury, the nephew, and Sydney Hampden Peddar, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her

brother James Wilcox, her sister Jane Newbury, and her nephew Charles Newbury; £1000, upon trust, for her nephew James Newbury; £500 each to her nephews and niece, Robert Wilcox, James Wilcox, and Jane Box; and other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her nephew and niece Edwin Newbury and Elizabeth Anne Newbury, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1892) of Mr. John Gambles, of East Croft, Harrington, Cumberland, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on April 6 by Mrs. Annie Gambles, the widow, and George Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator, after giving a few legacies, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life and then for all his children.

The will (dated May 13, 1890) of Mrs. Ellen Kingsman Beck, formerly of Clewer Lodge, Windsor, and late of Northmoor, Dulverton, Somersetshire, who died on March 19, was proved on April 5 by Colonel John Frederic Hornby, and John Sladen Wing, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Helena Jane Perigal; £500 to her son-in-law, Colonel Hornby; and legacies to her sister, nephews, nieces, and godchildren. The residue of her estate, both real and personal, she gives to her daughter, Mrs. Mary Hornby.

The will of Mr. George Baker Keeling, J.P., of Severn House, Lydney, Gloucestershire, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on April 11 by George William Keeling, the son, and John Stone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4624.

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed a committee, of which Mr. T. Burt, M.P., is chairman, to consider an improved official method of reporting and recording railway accidents.

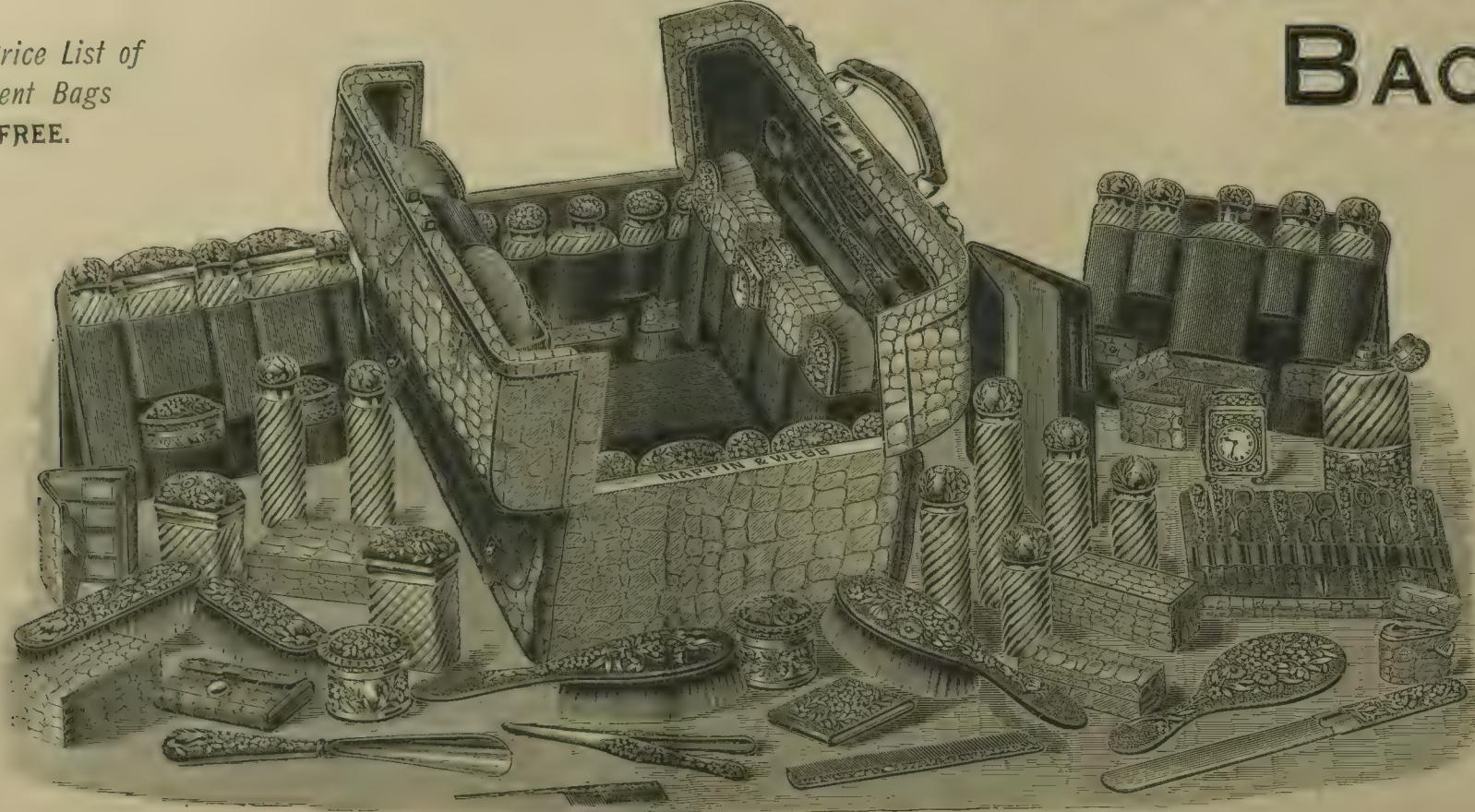
The Dutchman Hendrik de Jong, who was charged some time ago with the murder of his wife, an Englishwoman, and of another woman, has been convicted of swindling and sentenced to four years' imprisonment by the Criminal Court at Amsterdam.

The genius of Mr. William Telbin has added another to the many attractions of "Constantinople in London." A finely painted panorama of the capital of the Ottoman Empire—perhaps the most wonderful view for variety in the world—was last week introduced to the notice of the public at Olympia. Mr. Telbin has succeeded, under the great difficulties of restriction of space, in giving a remarkable picture of the outlook over Constantinople. An immense amount of detail is carefully recorded, and the effect of distance greatly adds to the beauty of the panorama. Those who are familiar with the aspect of the city may mildly criticise the abundance of red roofs which recall Whitby rather than Constantinople. The general impression of Stamboul is certainly rather whiter than Mr. Telbin's picture conveys, but in other respects the panorama is marvellous for its accuracy and vivid fidelity.

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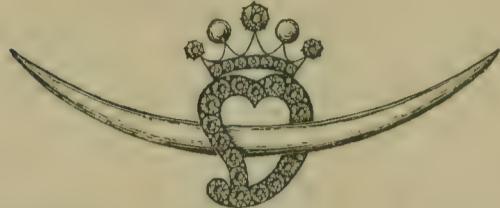
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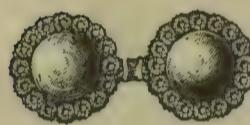
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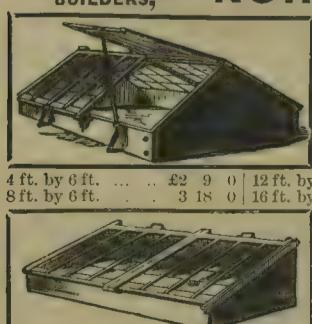
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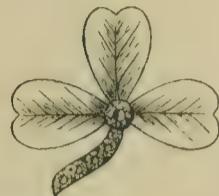
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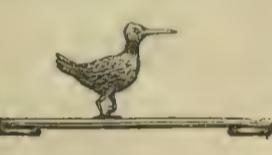
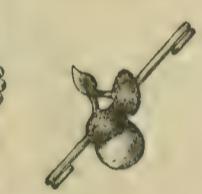
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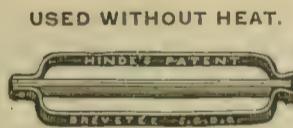
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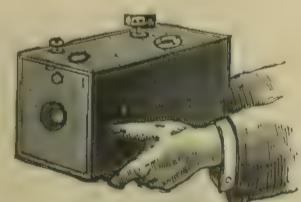
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Special Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Saturday, May 12, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesquie route through the charming scenery of Normandy to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 9 to 14 inclusive.

On Whit Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Boxhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

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entertainments on Whit Monday, Tuesday, and following days.

On Saturday and Sunday, May 12 and 13, special cheap return tickets to Brighton will be issued from London, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

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Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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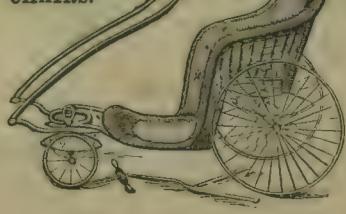
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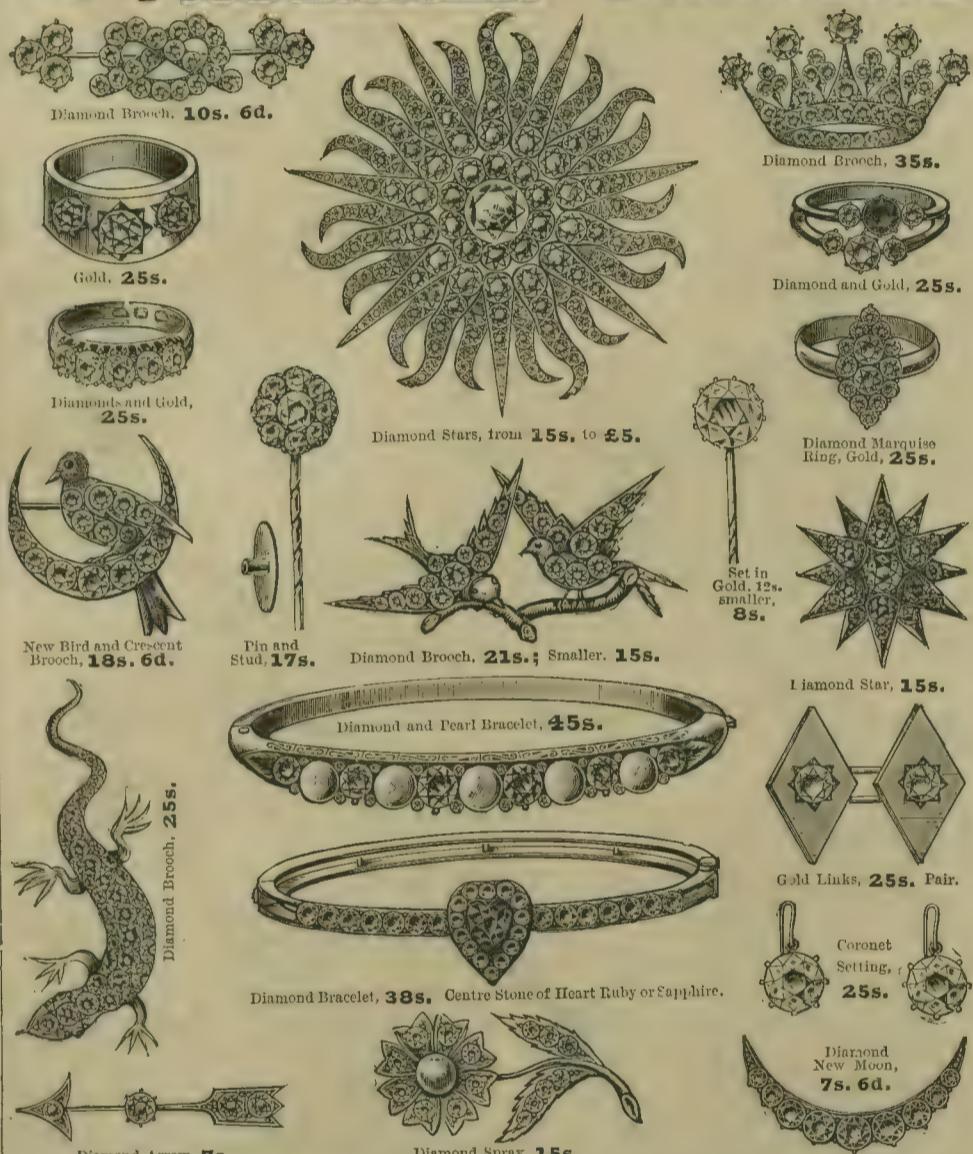
## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Perhaps the greatest compliment that has been indirectly paid to the first-class work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones contained in his beautiful play "The Masqueraders" is that the new and old schools of criticism have shaken hands over it. Government and Opposition have coalesced, and, except on minor points, are more or less of one mind. They all agree that this is the best, the freshest, the most interesting and exciting that the author has given us. They all praise without stint the literature and the observant humour that are in it. They all extol to the skies the acting of Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Herbert Waring, and place on record the thrill of excitement caused by the card scene, where a brutal husband stakes his wife and child against his rival's fortune. They all regret that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could not see her way to putting more variety, more colour, more light and shade into a character as subtle and complex as any offered to a clever actress in recent years. Not to see any chance for distinction in Dulcie Larondie is surely to be colour-blind. In the first act you have the most brilliant comedy; in the second, the despair of disappointment; in the third, passion; and in the last, pathos.

It is in connection with this last most beautiful act that I am unable to agree with the general verdict. The

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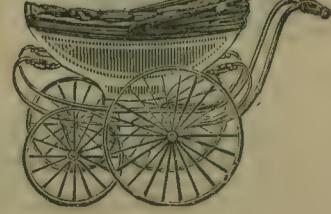
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Won't Wash Clothes

majority consider it the worst act. I cannot help feeling it to be absolutely the best—the best for the actor, the best for the actress, the best for the author's admirable scheme. For what are the facts? The man has won his prize at last; not lawfully, but still he has won her. He is prepared to sacrifice duty, honour, and the respect of his scientific comrades in order to watch over her and guard her and her child for evermore. They are in his power. He can ruin them or he can save them. It is then, when passion is at its height, that the woman, who is as much in love with him as he is with her, appeals to him for his generous protection. She says, in fact, "For Heaven's sake, save me from myself! Inclination and duty are at war in my soul. For my sake and my child's sake, save us!" The arguments of the wretched woman, sold to her lover at the card-table, are irresistible to a man of fine feeling and honour. She says, "What I am doing I know in my soul to be a sin. If you ask me to do it I will take it on my shoulders and walk into this morass; but, for God's sake, don't ask me to do it! Don't let me hate myself, and earn the hatred of my child afterwards!" But the man, wild with the sense of possession, is not to be restrained. It is the sister of mercy, the calm, unselfish, self-sacrificing hospital nurse, who teaches the man his duty. She reminds him of the results of a headlong course, she suggests the future, and points to his comrades who are waiting for his lead in order to declare a new scientific truth and discovery to the expectant world. So the chastened man makes, as the great founder of Buddhism did, the "great renunciation," and departs from passion into peace.

This, I am told, is a sermon, and it is insisted that we don't want sermons on the stage. A sermon indeed! Is it

not of the very essence of drama? If Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful "Light of Asia" could be dramatised, would not the very finest scene be "the parting of our Lord" when the Prince Siddartha leaves the side of his sleeping wife, steps between the dreaming girls in attendance, and wanders forth to sacrifice himself for duty? Is it a sermon, only to be kept for the pulpit, when Sidney Carton mounts the scaffold "all for her"? Is the motive of that excellent play, "Les Danischoffs," undramatic and to be kept for the pulpit when Osip the slave sacrifices himself for the woman? Are all plays to end with suicide and death? Is there no termination for any story but the dagger, the pistol, or the strychnine-bottle? Are self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, renunciation, devotion to woman, and duty to God to be cut out of the dramatic calendar altogether? Let us devoutly hope not. The end of the play of "Judah" was lovely, but the end of "The Masqueraders" is, to my mind, lovelier still. And if Mrs. Patrick Campbell would only see the scene as Mr. George Alexander sees it, and feel it as that delightful actor feels it, then I am convinced that the opponents of the last act would be converted, and own that Mr. Jones has never conceived a position or described it with greater truth and beauty. And now I have one little suggestion to make which I think would give an added note of pathos to the play. Everyone will have remarked on the excellent and intelligent playing of the little brother of the student astronomer by Mr. Esmond. Why should not Eddie Remon be represented as slightly lame, or deformed, or crippled in some way, so as to suggest the protecting love of the dear "big brother"? The affliction suggested by a crutch or something in the first act would be quite pathetic when the lame Eddie came

on the stage forgetting his infirmity in the wild excitement of the moment. And then see of what value it would be in the last act! The strong "big brother," bowed down with grief, heartsick and downcast, leaning for support through life on the lame boy who has never left his side. It is merely a suggestion, but it might be of value to the play, which, in any case, is one that ought to draw all sorts and conditions of men and women to the St. James's Theatre, where, if they cannot put their minds into the drama proper, they can see some of the most striking scenery and beautiful dresses ever shown on the modern stage.

And a playgoer's evening must also be spared for the Haymarket, where Mr. Sydney Grundy has brought out a new and improved edition of "Montjoye," called "A Bunch of Violets," that shows Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree to the greatest possible advantage. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is gradually establishing her position—which I have ever maintained—as one of the best and most intelligent of the actresses of the day. It matters not what part she assumes, she always does it more than justice. No living actress speaks verse better or with such rhythmical melody. There is no better Ophelia. She has strong comedy power, and pathos as well, as may be seen from this Mrs. Murgatroyd, who stands out clear and distinct from the canvas. Mr. Lionel Brough also gets an excellent chance, and his breezy, story-telling Yorkshireman is an excellent bit of comedy.

The best criticism on "King Kodak," at Terry's, was given by a girl in the gallery, who throughout the performance kept up a fire of senseless guffaws and aimless giggles that had a positively disturbing effect on the audience. It seemed to them a giggling ghost who had come back from the distant land where funny burlesques are buried!

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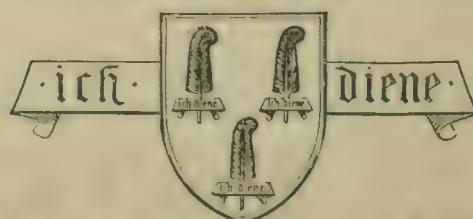
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Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 11, 12, and 13, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, May 13, 14, 15, and 16, as per special bills.

**PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, SATURDAY, MAY 12.**—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. (First and Second Class only.)

These Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 9 to 14 inclusive.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares—First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 2s.

**PORTRSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.**  
CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, May 12, to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

**WHIT SUNDAY AND MONDAY CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS** to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight from London Bridge and Victoria.

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**HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—WHIT SUNDAY.** CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare there and back, 4s.

**WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS** from London Bridge and Victoria 7.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare there and back, 5s.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS BY THE NEW DIRECT ROUTE.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS** on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.35 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; from Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare there and back, 3s.

On Whit Monday from London Bridge 8 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at Croydon; from Victoria 7.55 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare there and back, 4s.

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**BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY AND SUNDAY** SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains, according to class, on Saturday and Sunday, May 12 and 13, also by SPECIAL TRAINS SATURDAY, May 12, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon.

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**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS,** see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill, 10, 11, 12, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 9, 10, 11, and 12.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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**PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.** On TUESDAY, May 8, at 4 p.m. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK will preside at a LECTURE to be delivered in

THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL by Major CONDER, R.E., on "FUTURE RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE" (a Firman for Excavations at Jerusalem having been granted by the Sublime Porte).

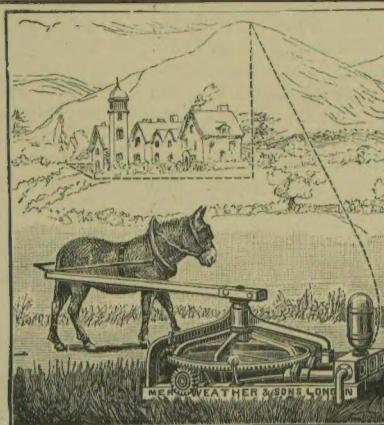
Doors open at 3.30 p.m. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. and 5s. Unreserved, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

Early application should be made to the Palestine Exploration Fund, 24, Hanover Square, W. By Order, GEORGE ARMSTRONG, Assistant Secretary.

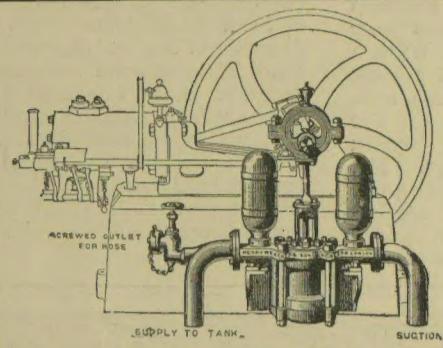
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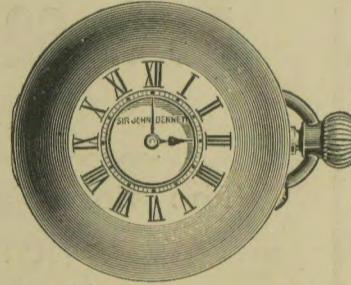
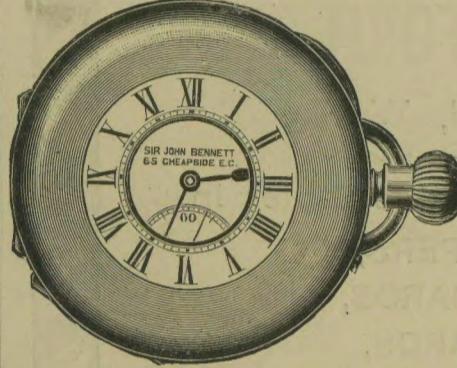


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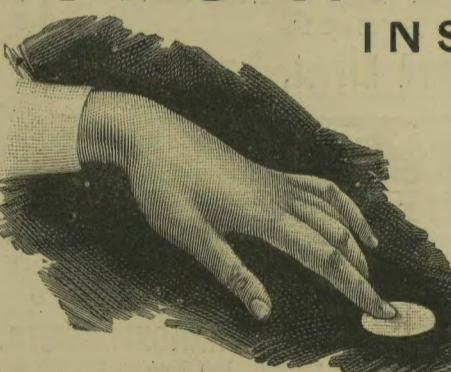
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## MONTE CARLO.

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre under the able director J. Raoul Grimaud, opened the season with "Niniché," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Salzéa and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Quelya and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisède and Quelya; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elven, M. Quelya, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conferences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Stock.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barriès, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkácsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and in a fold of delight. Breakfasting and dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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## OBITUARY.

LORD EMLY.

William Monsell, Baron Emly, P.C., died on April 21 at his residence, Tervoë, county Limerick. Lord Emly, who was born in 1812, was only son of Mr. William Monsell, of Tervoë, by Olivia, his wife, daughter of Sir John Allen Johnson Walsh, Bart. Mr. John Monsell, ancestor of the late peer, went to Ireland in 1612, and his third son, Ephraim, became possessed of



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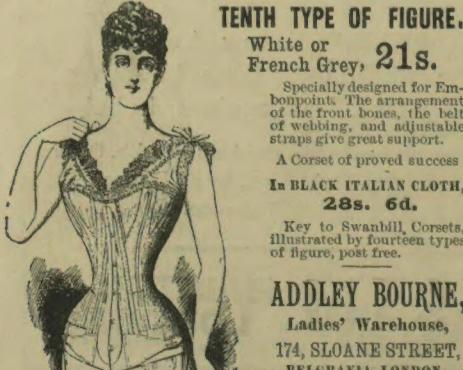
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Tervoë, the delightful residence of the head of the family from that time. Lord Emly was M.P. for his county from 1847 to 1873, and on Jan. 12, 1874, was raised to the Peerage as Baron Emly. In 1857 he was appointed President of the Board of Health; in 1866 Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in 1868 Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in 1870 Postmaster-General. He married, in 1836, Lady Anna Maria Charlotte Wyndham Quin, daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, which lady died in 1855. Lord Emly married secondly, in 1857, Berthe, youngest daughter of the Count de Montigny Bonlainvilliers, one of the most illustrious families of France. By her (who died in 1890) he leaves issue an only surviving son, Gaston Thomas William, now Baron Emly, born in 1858, at one time State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The present peer married, in 1881, Frances Vincent de la Poer, daughter of Mr. John Power, of Gurteen, county Waterford.

## SIR ROBERT MURRAY, BART.

Sir Robert Murray of Clermont, in the county of Fife, baronet, died at Brighton, on April 15. He was born on Feb. 1, 1815, the second son of the late Rev. Sir William Murray of Clermont, ninth baronet, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother, the late Sir James Pulteney Murray of Clermont, tenth baronet, Feb. 22, 1843. Sir Robert Murray married, in 1839, Susan Catherine Sanders, daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. John Murray, of Ardeley Bury, Herts, and widow of Mr. Adolphus Cotton Murray. This lady having died April 21, 1860, Sir Robert married again, on Dec. 1, 1868, Laura, youngest daughter of the Rev. Charles Taylor, Rector of Biddlesham. Lady Murray died on March 5, 1893. The baronetcy devolves upon the only son, William Robert, born Oct. 19, 1840.



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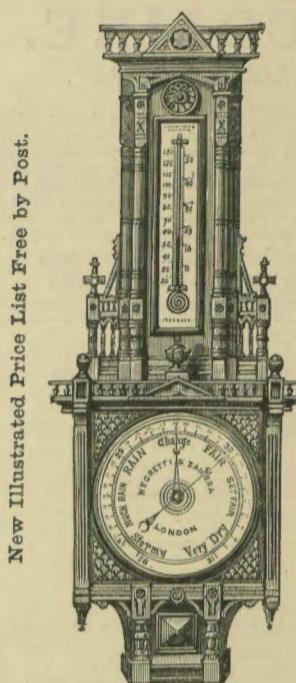
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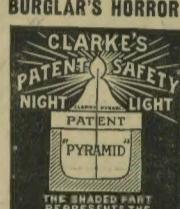
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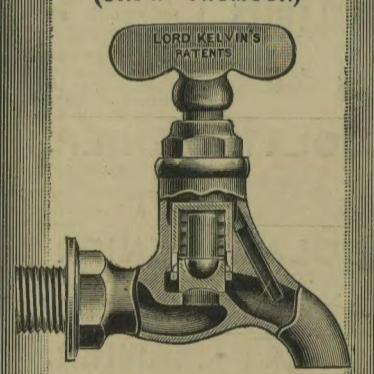
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